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Six centuries of Folk Songs

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Six Centuries of Folk Songs of Europe and North America

Given by the

People's Music League of the People's Institute

In Two Volumes

Contents Volume Two

Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland

Dutch, Flemish

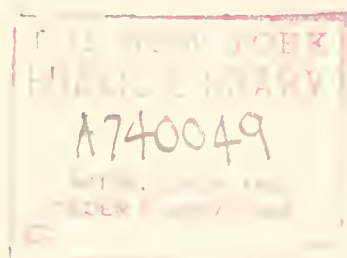
The Wandering Folk-Songs II, and Baltic Provinces
and Finnland

Songs from the Alps in Swiss and Austrian Dialects

Danish, German

Bulgarian, Roumanian, Greek, Hebrew

United States of America



GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE
PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

NINTH EVENING
Tuesday, March 18,
Swedish, Norwegian,
Iceland

Artists: Greta Torpadie, Soprano; Nelli Gardini, Soprano; Gerard Duberta, Baritone;
Maurice Eisner, Max Merz, Piano.

Tenth Evening: Danish, Dutch, Flemish.

Artists: Marie Gimbrere, Soprano; Flora van Westen, Contralto; Samuel Ljungkvist,
Tenor; Gerard Duberta, Baritone; Max Merz, Piano.

The program book containing texts and other information may be obtained a few days before each concert at The People's Institute. A subscription of \$3.00, sent in with the attached slip, will secure prompt delivery of the entire set of program books upon issuance. Address all communications to The Department of Folk Lore, of the People's Institute, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Friesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavic): 1. East Slavic: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Esthonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Turkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I. Tuesday,	January 21	Early French Provençale
	II. " "	January 28	Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III. " "	February 4	Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV. " "	February 11	English
	V. " "	February 18	Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI. " "	February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII. " "	March 4	Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII. " "	March 11	Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN	" "	March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finland
	IX. " "	March 25	Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	XI. " "	April 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finland, Hungarian
	XII. " "	April 8	Mountain-Songs
	XIII. " "	April 15	German
DIVERSE RACES	XIV. " "	April 22	Balkan, Hebrew
NORTH AMERICAN	XV. " "	April 29	America

SCANDINAVIAN FOLK-MUSIC

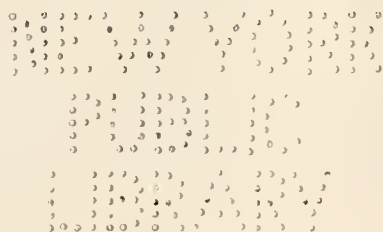
All the Scandinavian countries have a rich heritage of legends, folk-lore and songs and it not infrequently happens that songs belonging to one of these nations, gains an equal popularity in the others.

The folk-music of Sweden is more prolific than that of the other Scandinavian countries, but although Gustavus Adolphus gave an impetus to the preservation of this music as long ago as 1631, it was not until 1814-15 that any systematic attempt was made to publish a collection of this music. E. G. Geijer and A. A. Afzelius were the two men who made the folk-song of Sweden accessible to musical scholars and later, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson contributed to the fame of their native songs by introducing many of them to the concert audiences of Europe and America.

Compared with the folk-songs of the other Scandinavian countries, we find those of Sweden more tender and melodious than those of Denmark, less tragic and intense than those of Norway and less monotonous than those of Finland.

Compiled from L. C. Elson's Introduction to Schirmer's Edition of 87 Songs of Sweden".

Very little historical data in connection with the Swedish and Norwegian songs is available, which will explain the omission of the foot-notes explaining the origin and purport of the individual numbers, as is customary in the editing of these programs.



Program

Songs No. 1-12, 20-25 are taken from "87 Songs of Sweden", Edition G. Schirmer.
(No. 1-5, 7, 8, 10-12, 22-24 arranged by G. Hägg).

Duetts and Terzetts No. 11, 12, 17, 19 and 23 arranged by Max Merz.

SWEDISH

GERARD DUBERTA

1

"Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord"

Song of the North

R. Dybeck

(1811—1877)

Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord,
Du tysta du glädjerika sköna!
Jag hälsar dig vänaste land uppå jord,
:|: Din sol, din himmel, dina ängder gröna. :|:

O glorious old mountain-crowned land of the
North,
Thou quiet, thou joyous land, I love thee.
I hail thee as fairest of lands on the earth,
:|: Thy meadows green, the sun in heav'n
above thee :|:

Du tronar på minnen från fornstora dar,
Då ärädt ditt namm flög öfver jorden.
Jag vet, att du är och du blir hvad du var.
:|: Ja, jag vill lefva, jag vill dö i Norden. :|:

Thy throne is the mem'ry of great days of
yore,
When all through the world thy name was
carried;
Thou art what thou wast and thou shalt be
once more,
:|: In thee I'll live and die, in thee be
buried. :|:

2

"Mandom, mod och morske män"

"Manhood, might, and men as well"

R. Dybeck (1811—1877)

:|: Mandom, mod och morske män
Fins i gamla Sverige än,
Kraft i arm och kraft i barm
Ungdomsvarm i bardalarm :|:
:|: Ogon blå,
Då och då,
Le i blomstardalar där
Nord, du jordens jättelem,
Nord, du milda hjartans hem :|:

:|: Manhood, might, and men as well,
Still in good old Sweden dwell,
Strong of arm and strong of heart
Hot as youth in bardic art. :|:
:|: Eyes so blue,
Clear and true,
Laugh in flow'ry valleys fair
O, thou giant limb of Earth
Home of gentle hearts, the North. :|:

:|: Toner an från forna dar
Ljuda där i skog och dal,
Vilda som en storm på haf,
Milda som en tå på graf. :|:
:|: Lyssnen då,
Vänner på,
Hemländsk hundraårig sång.
Lyssnen, älsken, lären den,
Sj eungen, sjung, den själfve se'n! :|:

:|: Songs of famous days of old
Ring o'er valley, hill and wood,
Wild as when the sea-storms rave,
Mild as tear-drops on a grave :|:
:|: Hark then, dear
Friends, and hear
Folk-songs sung this thousand year.
Listen, sweetheart, too and learn
How to sing them in your turn. :|:

3

Neckens Polsks

The Watersprite

A. A. Afzelius
(1785—1871)

Djupt i hafvet på demantehällen
Necken hvilar i grönan sal.
Nattens tärnor spänna mörka pellen
Öfver skog, öfver berg och dal.
Kvällen härlig står i svartan högtidsskrud.
När och fjärran ej en susning intet ljud
Stör det lugn öfver nejden rår,
:|: När hafvets kung ur gyllne borgen går. :|:

Nattens tärnor, klara styärnor alla,
Gå till dans i den stilla kväll,
När de skära silvertoner skalla
Öfver stranden från häll till häll.
Men när blodig dagens drott i östern står,
Bleknande och rädd den blida stjärnan går;
Sorgligt afsked hon blickar ner,
:|: Och gyllne harpan klinger icke mer. :|:

'Neath the waves on crystal rock reclining
Lies the Neck in his sea-green hall,
While the maidens of the night are twining
Veils of gloom o'er hill and dale.
Fair the evening stands in festal, bright array,
Far and near no sound is heard, no breeze
astray
Breaks the calm o'er the land that lies
:|: When now the Sea-King from his waves
doth rise. :|:

Maids of night, all stars so brightly beaming,
Go ye dance in the evening still,
While his harp's clear silver tones are stream-
ing
O'er the shore, over rock and hill.
When the day's red king doth in the east arise,
Pale and fearsome then the shy star-maiden
flies,
Sad farewells then her glances pour:
:|: The golden harp-strings now are heard no
more :|:

4

“Kristallen den fina”

“Like Crystal that's gleaming”

Kristallen den fina
Son solen månd skina,
Som stjärnorna blänka i skyn!
Jag känner en flicka
I dygdenden fina,
En flicka i denna här byn,
Min vän, min vän och älskogsblomma
Ack, om vi kunde tillsammans komma,
Och du vore vannen min,
Och jag allra kärasten din
Du ädela ros och förgyllande skrin!

Och om du än fore,
Till världenes ände,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.
Och om du än fore,
Till världenes ända,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.
Till dig, min vän och älskogsblomma
Ack, du vore vannen min
Och jag allra kärasten din
Du ädela ros och förgyllande skrin!

Like crystal that's a-gleaming,
Like sunshine a-beaming,
Or star that in heaven doth shine,
I know a maid rarer,
Than diamonds and fairer,
A maid of this village of mine.
My love, my love, my dearest flower,
To come together had we the power,
And thou would'st be sweetheart mine,
And I could be lover of thine.
Thou beautiful rosebud, thou glittering shrine.

And e'en if for ever,
The world should us sever,
My heart would be weeping for thine,
And e'en if for ever,
The world should us sever,
My heart would be weeping for thine.
For thine, my love, my dearest flower,
To come together had we the power, etc.

“Om Dagen vid mitt arbete”

“By day, when I am working”

Om dagen vid mitt arbete,
Är du uti mitt sinn',
Om natten då jag sofver
Är du i drömmen min.
Om morgon, då jag vaknar
Hvem saknar jag väl då?
Jag saknar lilla vännen
Som är långt här ifrån!

By day, when I am working,
Then I ever think of thee,
At night, when I am sleeping,
Thy face in dreams I see.
At morn, when I awaken,
Who miss I then alway?
I miss my little darling,
Who is far—far away.

När jag blef sjutton år

When I was seventeen

H. Lilljeorn
(1797—1875)

Fjorton år tror jag visst att jag va',
Liten flicka, så munter och så gla';
Ingen friare hörde jag å'.
Å ingen heller jag tänkte uppå.
La, la, la, etc.

Fourteen years was I happy and free,
Just a gay little maiden like them all;
No one talked of a sweetheart to me,
And of a lover I ne'er thought at all.

Serratre när jag blef sjutton år
Solen sken, göken gol, och dä' va' vår,
Allt va' skönt, jorden grön, himlen blå,
Men likväl feltes mig något ändå.
La, la, la, etc.

Three years more, I was then seventeen,
Bright the sun, cuckoos crowed, and it was
spring,
All was fair, heaven was blue, earth was
green,
Yet there was something amiss in every-
thing.

Ja, nu är dä ej mer som dä' va',
Stundom är jag så sorgsen, stundom gla'
Stundom är jag så hvit, stundom rö,
Å' jag vill hvarken kefta eller dö.
La, la, la, etc.

Yes, the times as they were, now are fled,
Often gay, often sorry, now am I;
Sometimes white is my cheek, sometimes red:
I care not whether I live or die.

7

"Till Österland vill jag fara"

Far Eastward I'll hie me"

:|: Till Österland vill jag fara,
Där bor allra kärestan min :|:
Bortom nerg och djupa dalar,
Allt under så grönan en lind.

:|: Jag där vill bygga en hydda,
Där marken står standigt så grön :|:
Ovh där träden äro prydda
Med blommor, som dofta så skönt.

:|: Där är en hage planterad,
Efter ett högt förstånd, :|:
Med träd och örter formerad,
Som ingen beskrifva kan.

:|: Och midt uti den hage
Där ståndar en liffsens blom :|:
Bär tolf slags frukter å rade
Och löfven är läkedom.

Now far, far eastward I'll hie me,
Where waiteth my loved one for me;
Past the mountains high and valleys,
All under a green linden tree.

And there a cot I'll build me,
Where green all the year is the ground,
Where the trees are full of flowers
And sweet-scented blossoms abound.

A garden there has been planted
With wonderful wisdom, as well;
But the names of all that grows there
No mortal has ever heard tell.

And there in the midst of the garden,
There standeth the Flower of Life,
And of fruit twelve kinds it beareth,
With healing its foliage is rife.

The text of this song bears close kinship to a Netherland song of unknown antiquity, which as early as A. d. 1300 was sung to the words "Na Ostland wil ik varen". The Scandinavian version of the ballad is also very old.

8

Per Svinaherde

Peer Swineherd

Per Svinaherd satte sig på tufvan och sang:
Kom falleralle lalalalalej, lalalalalej falalej.
Han önskade en jungfru allt uti sin famn.
Kom falala, lala, lala, lalalalalej,
Sjung falalalalej, sjung falalalalej, falalej.

Och ormen han sad, somuti buskarna låg;
"Int får du någon jungfru ännu på stt år."

Om morgonen, innan dagen blef ljus,
Stod svinagerden utanför konungens hus.

"Om dagerne så går jag vallar dina svin
Om nätteren så drömmar jag om drottningen
din."

Och svinaherden tog af sig gamlade hatt,
Så fick man då hvar guldkronan satt.

"Jag är väl ingen svinaherde, fastän ni tycker
så
Jag är den störste konung som på jorden
månd' gå."

Peer Swineherd he sat upon a tuffet and sang,
Sing falleralle la-la-la-la lay.
To clasp to him a maiden now he doth long,
Sing fala-la-lay, fa-lalay.

A serpent there lay among the bushes near,
Quoth he: "Thou shalt no maiden clasp for a
year."

Then early in the morning, long before break
of day
The Swineherd to the palace wended his way.

"O King", said he, "by day I am tending thy
swine
But all the night, I dream of that queen of
thine."

The Swineherd then from his head took his
tattered old hat
And lo, a golden crown thereunder it sat.

"No Swineherd am I, as you suppose I have
been
But I'm the greatest king that the world's
ever seen."

9

“Ack, Värmeland, du sköna”

“O Vermeland, thou lovely”

A. Fryxell (1795—1881)

Ack, Värmeland, du sköna, du härliga land,
Du krona bland Svearikes länder!
Och komme jag än midt i det förlofvade land
Till Värmeland jag ändå återvänder.
Ja, där vill jag lefva, ja, där vill jag dö:
Och om en gång från Värmland jag tager mig
en mö,
Så vet jag, att aldrig jag mig ångrar.

Ja, när du en gång skall bort och gifta dig,
min vän,
Då skall du till Värmeland fara.
Där finnes nog Guds gåfvor af flickor kvar
igen,
Och alla ä' de präktiga och rara.
Men friar du där, så var munter och glad,
Ty raska gossar vilka Värmlandsflickorna ha,
De sorgsna sem ge de uppå båten.

O Vermeland, thou lovely, thou glorious land,
The crown thou of all the lands of Sweden.
If e'er I reach the blessed, promised, paradise
land,

To Vermland, I'll turn again from Eden.
Oh, there will I live, and oh, there will I die,
And from thee, o Vermland, a bride some day
take I,

I know I shall never be mistaken.

And if to woo thou goest, my friend, list to me,
To Vermland, be sure that thou repairest,
For there the sweetest, prettiest maidens still
you will see,

Most charming and all the very fairest.
But if thou would'st win them be jolly and gay,
For gay the maids of Vermland and merry
lads like they:

Art lost, if a sorry face thou wearest.

10

“Å jänta å ja”

The Maiden and I

F. A. Dahlgren (1816—1895)

:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt uppå landvägen, å ja—
:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt uppå landavägen.
Där mötte ho mej en morgon så klar,
Å sola ho sken på himmelen så rar,
Å vacker som ljusa dagen ho var,
Mitt hjärta hvar tog de vägen?

:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt i midsommars vaka,
å ja—
:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt i midsommars vaka;
Då mötte ho mej ma fräsande fröjd
Å aldri nånsin har ja känt mej så nöjd,
Ka kasta mina ben i himmelen höjd,
A hoppa öfver alla taka.

:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt i Ransäters kyrka, å
ja—
:|: Å jänta å ja :|: allt i ransäters kyrka,
Där stodo vi då altaret just,
Å lofvade tro nöd å i lust,
Å allt intill lifvets sistaste pust,
Troget hinannan dyrka.

The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
Oh all upon the highway, (and I)
The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
Oh all upon the highway.
'Twas there we met by dawn's early light,
The sun in the sky above was shining bright,
And fair as the day was she to my sight;
My heart, whither took'st thou thy flight?

The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
At midsummer's carouses (and I),
The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
At midsummer's carouses.
Oh, then did we meet in wildest of joy,
And ne'er in my life before so happy I;
I kicked up my heels right into the sky
And jumped over roofs of houses.

The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
All at the church's altar (and I)
The maiden and I, the maiden and I,
All at the church's altar.
'Twas there that before the priest we did go,
There pledged we our troth, for weal and eke
for woe,
To cherish, and love, until death us lay low,
Be faithful and never falter.

Domaredansen
The Judge-Dance
Dance Song

Nu vilja vi begynna en domaredans,
Medan domaren själf är hemma.
Och alla de, som i domardansengå
Deras hjärtan skola brinna.
Alla säga de: Hå, hå, hå!
Alla säga de: Nå, nå, nå!
Har du drömt om din käresta i natt,
Så skall du mot mig le.

O, let us start up with the dance of the Judge,
For the Judge himself is at home now,
Let all who'll dance in the Judge-dance today,
With their hearts a-glowing, come now.
Shout, then every one: He, he, he!
Shout, then, every one: Nay, nay, nay!
Did you dream of your sweetheart, love, last
night?
If so, just smile at me!

The folk-dances have strongly influenced some of the songs of the people. The dainty "Neckens Polska", here given, is one of the favorite dances in $\frac{3}{4}$ time in the province of Dalecarlia. It is very similar to the "Springer" which is danced and sung in Norway, where it is generally accompanied with a sturdy drone-bass on the Hardanger fiddle.

"Jag tro jag får börja öfverge att sörja"
"Tomorrow, I'll have done with sorrow"

Jag tror jag får börja
Öfverge att sörja
Fast hela världen står mig emot
Fastän en flicka
Gjorde mig olycka,
Ändock är jag vid godt mod.
Fägringen, den du bär på din kropp
Den lifvar hela kärleken opp.
Ögonen dina
Täcka och fina
Fötterna gå i dans.

I declare tomorrow,
I'll have done with sorrow,
Tho' all the world against me did turn;
All for a maiden,
I've been heavy laden,
I'm too wise for aye to mourn.
Beauty like thine must ever inspire
In heart like mine true love and desire;
Eyes ever joking,
Pretty, provoking,
Feet that were made to dance.

Jag tror jag får börja
Öfverge att sörja
Flickan hon blifver munter och snäll.
Fin som en blomma
Vill hon till mig komma,
Flickan väntar uppå mig.
Hjärtungen lilla, här har du mig,
Aldrig i världen sviker jag dig.
Inte ska' du gråta,
Vi ska bli så såta
Lägg du din hand in min.

I declare tomorrow,
I'll have done with sorrow!
I know a lass that's merry and free,
Jolly and blooming,
She will be coming,
She's the girl that's waiting for me!
Here, little sweetheart, take me back now,
Ne'er in this world, I'll cross thee, I vow,
Look not so sad dear,
Let us be glad, dear,
Lay thou thy hand in mine.

GRETA TORPADIE, NELLI GARDINI and
GERARD DUBERTA

NORWEGIAN

13

Norwegian Echo Song

Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Hoah, hoah, hoah!
Come cow, come calf and weanling brood,
Come all my cattle dear!
The blacksmith appears with his brand-iron,
To put a mark upon you,
For so the sheriff hath ordained.
Hoah, hoah, hoah!
Come all ye poor dumb dears!

The sun is setting behind the hills,
The deepening shadows longer grow,
The night is falling o'er the plains,
And holds us in her close embrace.
The kettle simmers on the hearth,
And to the Alps I wend my way.

GRETA TORPADIE and NELLI GARDINI

14

Vagvisa

Lullaby

Vysse, vyssa, barnet,
Grystan hänger i spisen,
Kokar full of gräddegröt
Åt det lila barnet.
Far står på logen och harpar korn,
Mor hon blåser så vackert i horn,
Syster hon sitter och spinner gull,
Boor han går i skogen,
Jagar alla vilda djur!

Är han hvit
Så kör 'en hit,
Är han grå,
Så låt 'en gå,
Är han brun i bogen
Så låt 'en gå i skogen!

Vyssa, vyssa, darling,
Steaming kettle on the hearth,
Something pleasant is in store,
For my pretty darling.
Father's in the barley-field,
Mother's playing on the horn,
Sister spins the red, red gold,
Brother's gone a-hunting,
To shoot a wild beast.

If he is white,
Then drive him here,
Should he be grey,
So let him go.
And is his breast brown
Chase him away to the forest.

ICELAND

GERARD DUBERTA

15

Sjera Magnus

Icelandic Folk-Song from a Collection of
compiled by A. P. Berggreen.

Sjera Magnus settist upp á' skjona,
Sá' var ekki likur neium dóna:
Hann var gládur höfðingsmadur.
Hatt aetta dur honum berad þjona!

16

Tölf Synir

Bravely Sails My Bark

Folk-Song edited and arranged
by Granville Bantock.

Eikur sá eg tvaer saman stodu,
Önnur graen, og var med blómi góðu,
Hin var eikin fól og fá
Furdu visin lauf par á,
Eg soddan sá;
Lauf eikin a leizt mèt fyrst ad reina,
Lundar stáls nam greina.

Stakk eg hnif stofninn i ad bragdi,
Strax úr trénu eiturgusu lagdi
I stofninn bjúga stakk eg pá,
Strax kom hunang hnifnum á,
Eg soddan sá;
Fannst mèt mikid fyrst um pettad sfni,
Fram pó lengra stefni.

Bravely sails my bark, upon the sea at night,
Dark'ning clouds arise and hide the shore from
sight.

Whether land be far or near,
Fairies guide me, free from fear,
Till morning bright.

Onward then without a thought of sorrow,
Hast'ning to the morrow.

Unfortunately Mr. Bantock has given us the English of only one strophe of this song, but the title and the text of the opening strophe will furnish a sufficient stimulus to the imagination of the listener.

NORWEGIAN

GRETA TORPADIE and NELLI GARDINI

17

Je tjente paa Kjölstad i fjor

I served down in Kjölstad last year

Je tjente paa Kjölstad i fjor,
Mae mye Sorg og Möi e;
Tit syntes je Nöa va stor,
Men je maate la me nöie;
Je sette me Lit te Gud,
Og ingen a' en Mann;
Te Vaaren je sleper vel ut
Ifra den slemme Fan.

I served down in Kjölstad last year,
With bitter care and anguish,
Too great was my need, I must aver,
Yet there I was doomed to languish.

NELLI GARDINI

18

Gjeite Lok

Goat-herd's Call.

Old Norwegian Folk-Song.

Arr. by Halfdan Kjerulf.

(Oestlandet)

Killa Bukk, Killa Blakk,
Killa Liten, Neva tapp,
Rosa, Dokka,
Nykla, Sokka,
Storspena, Spjautill, Fager leik,
Speleman burti Fjellom.

This rather curious assortment of words represents the goat-herd callin' by name the various leaders of his herd.

NELLI GARDINI and GERARD DUBERTA

19

Tellemark

(Halling)

From Carl Warmuth's

"Norske National og Folks-Melodien.

Ha du' kji hoppa,
So hoppa du vael no,
Vore du kye galin so,
Flang du kji so.
Surli ullam, surli du,
Suttam surlite dui.

Have you never hopped in your life before,
You'll surely do so now;
In such a mad whirl you would never engage
Unless you were mad with joy.
Surli, ullam, etc.

“Vårvindar friska, leka och hviska”

Spring breezes crisp

Vårvindar friska,
Leka och hviska,
Lundera om likt älskande par.
Strömmarne ila,
Finne ej hvila,
Förrän i hafvet störtvågen far.
Klappa mitt hjärta, klaga och hör;
Vallhornens klang vland klipporna dör,
Strömkarlen spelar,
Sorgerna delar,
Vakan kringf berg och dal.

Hjärtat vill brista,
Ack, nar den sista
Gången jag hörde kärlekens röst.
Ögonens låga
Afskedets plåga
Mun emot mun och klappande bröst!
Fjälldalen stod i grönskande skrud,
Trasten slog drill på drill för sin brud,
Stromkarlem spelar,
Sorgerna delar
Vakan kringf berg och dal.

Spring breezes crisp are
Playing, they whisper,
All through the leaves as were't lovers twain
Streams rush and hurry,
Never they tarry,
Till like a storm-wave ocean they gain.
Beat, O my heart, and hear hue and cry,
Now 'mongst the cliffs the horn note doth die,
Now is the Sprite heard,
Sorrow the Nightbird,
Casts over hill and dale.

My heart was breaking,
When at leave-taking,
Heard I her voice when met we to part;
How our eyes beamed then
How our tears flowed then
Lip against lip, and heart against heart.
Mountains and vales were decked for the
spring,
Birds to their brides their carols did sing,
Now is the Sprite heard,
Sorrow the Nightbird,
Casts over hill and dale.

“Allt under himmelens fäste

“In Heaven's vault above me”

:|: Allt under himmelens fäste,
Dar sitta stjärnor små; :|:
Den vännen som jag älskat,
Den kan jag aldrig få. Oh!

:|: Han föll uti mitt tycke;
Det rår jag inte för. :|:
Han lofte mig trogan
Intill sin bleke död. Oh!

:|: In heaven's vault above me
The little stars do shine; :|:
But he I love most dearly,
He never will be mine. Oh!

:|: I learned one day to love him—
That naught can take away; :|:
He said he'd love me truly,
Till pale in death he lay. Oh!

“Och flickan hon går i dansen”

“A maiden one day was dancing”

Dance Song

:|: Och flicken hon går i dansen med rödan
gullband, :|:
:|: Det binder hon om allra kärastens hand :|:
:|: Öch käraste du min flicka, bind inte så
hårt :|:
:|: Jag ernar visst inte att rymmo bort” :|:
:|: Och jungfru hon lossar sakta på rödan
gullband :|:
:|: Så hastigt den svennen i skogen förs-
vann; :|:

A maiden one day was dancing with golden
red band;
She bound it around her beloved's one hand.
“Now bind thou it not so tight, dearest maiden,
I pray,
For I'm not thinking of running away.”
The maiden unloosens slowly the gold band
so red,
And swift through the forest her lover has
fled.

“Och hör du unga Dora”

“Now listen, little Dora”

:|: “Och hör du unga Dora, vill du gifta dig i
år? :|:
I år ä’ se åtta åren gångna förbi—
Uti rosor.”

:|: “Ja väl vill jag gifta mig, men aldrig med
dig, :|:
Jag har en vän på böljorna, som kommer snart
igen—
Uti rosor.”

:|: “Now listen, little Dora, wilt thou this
year married be?” :|:
Eight years, when this is over, ’twill be; dost
thou see?—
’Neath the roses.”

:|: “Well, yes I shall be married, but I shall
not marry thee, :|:
My friend’s on the water, and he’s coming to
me,—
’Neath the roses.”

Å vill int’ du, så vill fäll ja

“Well, if you won’t, why then I will”

Dance Song

Å vill int’ du, så vill fäll ja,
Så vill ja’ dansa mä kulla;
Å vill int’ du, så vill fäll ja,
Så vill ja’ dansa mä kulla.
Kullo, kullo, kullo, etc.

“Well, if you won’t, why then I will,
For I’ll go dance with my lassie;
Well, if you won’t why then I will,
For I’ll go and dance with my lassie.

GRETA TOPARDIE and GERARD DUBERTA

Respolska.

Harmonized and arranged by MAX MERZ.

Klang, mian vackra bjällra, i den sena kväll!
Spring, min raska fåle, öfver mo och fjäll!
Hemåt ila vi med vindens snabba fart,
Där så hvila vi i mjuka armar snart,
Och vå lycka ingen må förtycka.
Alla kvällens norrsken flämta dar i skyn;
Alla sälla minnen skämta for min syn.
Klang, mian vackra osw.

Ratsch! det sprakar nog en frost i björk och
tall.
Kratsch! et brak i skogen bådar furans fall.
Granens långa skuggor darra lätt på snön;
Yfvig är dess päls och hvarje kvist är grön;
Skogens kung är evigt ung och fagar.
Tusen, tusen stjärnor gnistra i hans hår;
Ingen kung pa jorden sådan krona får.
Ratsch! det sprakar osw.

Ring, my bell, in wintry Christmas night,
Away my brother, over moor and hill,
If homeward we are bound with the swift
winds,
Soon we shall rest by the warm fireside.
None shall begrudge us our mirth;
All the northern lights are blazing in the sky,
All my happy memories pass before my eyes.

In birch and pine is heard the snap of the
frost,
With a mighty crash the Christmas-tree goes
down,
The spruce throws wavering shadows on the
snow
Robed in its mantle of richest green.
The Forest-King reigns in undimmed beauty.
A thousand stars are glowing in his hair,
No earthly king e’er wore a coronet so fair.

COOPER UNION FORUM

Program for the Week

Friday Evening, March 21st:

“What shall we do with the Herd Instinct?”

Everett Dean Martin.

Sunday Evening, March 23rd:

“The League of Nations and the Wage Barrier”.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart.

School of Philosophy

Lectures held in the Stuyvesant Neighborhood House.

Thursday Evening, March 20th:

“The World's Thoughts and its Growing Pains”.

Mr. Andre Tridon.

Saturday Evening, March 22nd:

“Humanism. How Free Men Think”.

Everett Dean Martin.

Sunday Afternoon, March 23rd:

“The Aesthetic Content and the Social Message of the
World's Younger Poets”.

Bernard Sexton.

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GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE
PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

TENTH EVENING
Tuesday, March 25,
Dutch, Flemish

Artists: Marie Gimbrere, Soprano; Flora van Westen, Contralto; Louis Caton, Tenor;
Gerard Duberta, Baritone; Max Merz, Piano.

Eleventh Evening—1. Part: Wandering Folk Songs II; 2. Part: Danish, Baltic Provinces and Finnland.

Artists: 1. Part: Franz Epenieff, Baritone. 2. Part: Marie Mieler-Narodny, Soprano;
Samuel Ljungkvist, Tenor, William Oncken, Baritone; Max Merz and Reinhold Warlich, Piano.

The program book containing texts and other information may be obtained a few days before each concert at The People's Institute. A subscription of \$3.00, sent in with the attached slip, will secure prompt delivery of the entire set of program books upon issuance. Address all communications to The Department of Folk Lore, of the People's Institute, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Friesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavic): 1. East Slavic: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatic, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Esthonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Turkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I. Tuesday,	January 21	Early French Provençale
	II. " "	January 28 ..	Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III. " "	February 4 ...	Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV. " "	February 11	English
	V. " "	February 18	Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI. " "	February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII. " "	March 4	Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII. " "	March 11	Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN	" "	March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finnland
	IX. " "	March 25	Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	XI. " "	April 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finnland, Hungarian
	XII. " "	April 8	Mountain-Songs
	XIII. " "	April 15	German
DIVERSE RACES	XIV. " "	April 22	Balkan, Hebrew
NORTH AMERICAN	XV. " "	April 29	America

Those interested in the systematic study of folkpoesy, both in word and tone, will find a wealth of available material in the New York Public Library at Forty-Second Street. It would be manifestly impossible to include a detailed list of these publications within the limited space of these program books, but all desired information in regard to popular and scientific works on this subject may be obtained from the card index at the library. But in the Music Division, Reference Department are to be found the following collections of Scandinavian, Dutch and Flemish Folk Songs:

- 1 "A Collection Swedish National Music", published by Lundquist, Stockholm.
- 2 Ahlström T. N. och P. C. Boman, "Walda Svenska Folksanger.
- 3 Bellman, C. M., "Fredmans Sånger". 1791.
- 4 Berge Rikard, "Norske Folkevisur". 1911.
- 5 Berggreen, A. G., Collection of Scandinavian Folksongs. 1865.
- 6 "Bornenes Musik", samlede of en Moder (Hansan).
- 7 "Danmarks Melodiboy", "900 nanske Songe I-III., published by Wilhelm Hansen, Kopenhagen and Leipzig.
- 8 "Danmarks Melodier", published by Erslew & Hasselbach, Kobenhayn.
- 9 Forestier Aubor and Rasmus B. Anderson, "The Norway Music Album". 1881.
- 10 Garborg, Hulda, "Norske Dansevisur". 1913.
- 11 Götling Johan, "Visor Tryckte i år.
- 12 Kappay, T. A., "Songs of Scandinavia".
- 13 Laub Thomas, and Axel Olrick "Danske Folkeviser". 1899.
- 14 "Norges Melodier", published by Wilhelm Hansen, Kopenhagen and Leipzig.
- 15 Schirmer's Publication, "87 Swedish Folksong. 1917.
- 16 Ståhl Axel Tvar, "Svenska Folkevisor". 1855.
- 17 The Hals Album, "A Collertion Norse National Music."
- 18 Coers F. R., "Liederbock van Groot Nederland."
- 19 Duyse Fl. van, "10 onde nederlandsche Liederen".
- 20 Duyse Fe. van, "Het oude nederlandsche Lied". I-III. 1903.
- 21 Fredericq Dr. Paul, "Historische Volksliederen". 1894.
- 22 Heyndrickx Dr. Karel, "Studentenliederbock".
- 23 Lange Daniel de, J. van Riemsdijk and Drg Kalff, "Niederlandsch Volksliederenboeck".
- 24 Röntgen Julius, "Alt niederländische Volkslieder".
- 25 Speenhoff T. H. "Liedjes, Wyzen en Prentjes." I-II. Speenhoff T. H. "Liedjes, Wyzen en Pretjes." I-IV.
- 26 Willems-Fonds, "Niederlandsch Liederboeck.
- 27 Closson Ernst, "Chamsons populaires des Provinces Belges."
- 28 Studentenverbindung Lovania "Chansonnier des Etudiants Belges".

Program

The Songs Nos. 4, 7-9, 10, 13-15, 17-21 are from the collection "Nederlandsch Volksliederenboek," edited by Daniel de Lange, T. C. M. van Riemsdijk and Dr. G. Kalf.

The Songs Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 20, 21 are taken either from Willem's collection of "Oude Vlaamsche Lieder" (about 1600) or from the Cousseemaker collection "Chants Populaires des Flamands de France."

The free English version printed here were made by Caroline V. Kerr.
Quartette Nos. 1, 8, 16, 22 arranged by Max Merz.

Dutch

MARIE GIMBRERE, FLORA VAN WESTEN
LOUIS CATON, GERARD DUBERTA

1

Wilhelmus van Nassouwe

William of Nassau

Marnix van St. Aldegonde

Wilhelmus van Nassouwe
Ben ick, van duytschen bloet,
Het Vaterlandt ghetrouwe
Blyf ick tot in den doot.
Een Prince van Orongien
Ben ick, vry, onverveert,
Den coninck van Hispangien
Heb ick altijd gheert.

Myn schilt ende betrouwen
Sijt ghy, o Godt mijn Heer.
Op u soo wil ick bouwen,
Verlaet my nimmermeer.
Dat ick doch vroom mach blijven,
U dienaer t'aller stont,
De tyranny verdrijven
Die my mÿn hert doorwent.

Oorlof. mÿn arme schapen,
Die zijt in grooten noot.
U herder zal niet slapen
Al zijt ghy nu verstroot.
Tot Godt wilt u begheven,
Syn heylsaem woordt neemt aen,
Als vrome Christen leven;
'T Sal hier haest zijn ghedaen.

Wilhelmus, hight of Nassau,
Of foreign blood am I,
Our fatherland I'll cherish
Until the day I die.
A Prince of Orange also
Am I free and unquelled;
The King of Spain in honor,
Evermore I have held.

My faithful people, turn ye,
To follow where I go,
The Lord will never spurn ye,
When ye are pressed by woe.
Who e'er would live aright,
Let him pray now day and night,
That God may still uphold me
To defend you with might.

Be sure that he will bless ye,
Unhappy wander'ing sheep,
For when sore ills oppress ye,
Your Shepherd will not sleep.
Lift up your hearts to Heav'n,
On the Lord's promise rely,
To all His children giv'n:
For the end now is nigh.

"This song was composed and made by Jonkheer Philip van Marnix, excellent poet and lord of Sinte Aldegonde." This curious inscription appears upon the title page of this song, which further states that it is a "new Christian song, written in honor of Willian, Prince of Orange, Count of Nassau and Father of his Country".

Holland, like England, has two national hymns, one of them being the so-called "King's hymn" and the other the "people's hymn". Commemorating as it does, the name and fame of Holland's most illustrious ruler and recalling one of the most stirring periods in the history of the Netherlands,—"William of Nassau" belongs in the first category and is the oldest national hymn in existence. Musical historians are not agreed as to its origin but it is probable that it came from France. It is a folk-song in the truest sense of the term.

2

Moederke Alleen

Only the Mother

Wie zal er ons kindeke dourven
En doet het sÿn moederke niet?
Wie zal er sÿn deventyes voorven
Dat 't schaarsch door een holleken ziet?
Kleine, kleine moederke alleen
Douro- douro douroderideine;
Kleine, kleine, moederke alleen
Kan man uw wiegske niet sch'een.

Wie zal naar ons kindeke vÿken
Dien bleurenden Stouten kapoen
Wie zal er sÿn hemdekes strÿken
Syn kaarken in krullekes doen?
Kleine, kleine moederke, etc.

Wie zal voor ons kinderke derven
Heur laatste kruimelke brood?
Wie sou er, wie sou er voor sterven
En lachen op kind en op dood?

Who would rock our baby's cradle,
If the mother were not there?
Who would deftly fold the covers,
Leaving just a peep-hole free?
'Tis the little mother only,
Douro, douro, douroderideine,
'Tis the little mother only,
She alone can do these things.

Who would tend our darling baby,
Gently stroke the rosy cheeks,
Wash and iron the little nighties,
Softly brush the golden locks.

Who would share with darling baby,
Her very last crumb of bread?
Would give life, itself, if needs be,
Meeting death with a smile on her lips?

3

Des Winters als het reghent

In Winter, when it's raining

From "Horae Belgica".

Des winters als het reghent,
Dan zign de paetjes diep, ja diep,
Dan comt dat looze visschertjen
Visschen al inne dat riet.
Me sine rijfstoc, met sine strijstoc,
Met sine lapsac, met sine cnapsac,
Met sine leere, van dirre vom deere,
Met sine leere leersjes aen.

Dat looze molenarinntje,
Ghinc in haer deurtjen staen, ja staen,
Omdach dat aerdich visschertje
Vor bi haer henen soe gaen.
Met rijfstoc, etc.

"Wat heb ic jou misdreven,
Wat heb ic jou misdaen, ja misdaen,
En dat ic niet met vreden
Voor bi jouw deurtje mach gaen?
Met mine rijfstoc, etc.

"Ghi hebt me niet misdreven
Ghi hebt me niet misdaen, ja misdaen
Maer ghi moet me driemaal soenen
Er ghi van hier meucht gaen
Met uwe rijfstoc, etc.

In winter when it's raining,
And all the pools o'erflow, o'er flow,
'Tis then the wily fisherman
Down to the pond will go;
He with his net there. out in the wet there,
Casting a lint to, when he's a mind to,
All in the lathery, wathery weather,
Down in his leather boots he goes.

The winsome, wily miller's wife
Was waiting by her door, her door,
For the goodly fisherman,
Must needs pass before;
He with his net there, etc.

What harm have I e'er done you,
Or aught of ill also, also
That I must fear some mischief here,
When to the pond I go?
I with my net here, etc.

No harm have you e'er done me,
Nor aught of ill, I trow, I trow,
But kisses three you'll give me,
Ere to the pond you go.
You with your net there, etc.

The text of this song was written by Vincent Casteleyn and published in "Harlem's Old Book" 1716. The melody is taken from Willem's "Old Songs of Flanders", and was written down from the oral tradition prevailing in that region.

De Gefopte Vogelaar

The Bird-Catcher

Een vogelaar toog 'o morgens a vroeg op weg,
Om knippen te gaan hangen in booms en in
 heg,
Mÿn vogelaar dat was er een oolÿke quit
Hoor wat een lustig liedje hy lokkende fluit.

Maar 't mooie gryne vinkje den vogelaar bes-
 piedt
En denkt jÿ bent aen slimmert maar mÿ vang
 niet,
Vliegt hoog de lucht in al schetterend sliep uit
Wie is er van om twee wel de oolÿkste quit.

Early one morning, a bird-catcher went forth
To hang his nets in the trees and hedges,
Now the bird-catcher was a jolly, good fellow,
And trilled forth a merry song to entice the
 little birds.

But as soon as the little gray fink espied him,
 she said:
"You think you're a very clever fellow, but
 catch me if you can
With her finger at her nose, she flew quickly
 away,
Singing, "Which of us now has been fooled?"

GERARD DUBERTA

Piet Hein

Heb fe wel gehoord van de silveren vloot,
 De silveren vloot van Spange,
Die hadden veel spaansche matten aan boord,
 En appeltjes van oranje,
Piet Hein, Piet Hein, Piet Hein, sÿn naam is
 klein
Sÿn daden bennen groot,
Hy heft gewonnen de silveren vloot.

Klommen niet de jongens als katten in 't want
 En vochten se niet als leeuwen?
Se sloegen de spanjers wel duchtig te schand,
 Tot in spanje klonk hun schreeuwen.

Kwam er me nog eenmal z'oon silveren vloot,
 Seg zou jullie nog zoo kloppen?
Of zoudt ge u veilig en buiten schot,
 Maar stil in je hangmat stoppen?

Wel Holladsch bloed heeft nog wel moed,
 Al bennen we niet groot
We zouden winnen en silveren vloot.

Have you ever heard of the silver fleet,
 The silver fleet of Spain
The cargo consisted of silver bars,
 And oranges and red apples.
Piet Hein, Piet Hein, Piet Hein, thy name is
 small
But thy deeds are great,
It was he who captured the silver fleet.

Like cats, the sailors climbed up the masts,
 And like the lions they fought,
They struck the Spaniards such heavy blows,
 That their shrieks were heard in Spain.

If a silver fleet should appear once more,
 Tell me, would you be as brave,
Or would you like cowards shun the foe,
 And seek the safety of your hammocks
 below?

No, men of the Netherlands still are brave
 Undaunted, fearless and free,
And tho our land's small, we still have
 strength
To defeat a silver fleet from Spain.

The hero of this song was the gallant Dutch admiral of the Indian company who, in 1628 captured the famous "silver fleet" of Spain, with its cargo of 12 million florins.

A monument has been erected to the "little admiral" in the choir of the Oude erk in Delft, and upon this appears the following inscription in Latin: "Like a new Argonaut, he fetched from the new Colchis the golden fleece of the King of Spain.

Berg op Zoom

Merck toch, hoe sterck nu in 't werke sich al
 otelt,
 Die 't allen tÿ soo ons vÿheÿt heeft bestreden
 Siet hoe hy slaeft graeft en draeft met geweld,
 Om ons goet en ons bloet en onse steden,
 Hoor de Spaansche trommels slaan,
 Siet hoe komt hy trecken aen,
 Bergen te besetten.
 Berg op Zoom hout U vroom
 Stut de Spaansche scharen
 Laet's Landsboom end' sÿn stroom
 Trouwlyck toch bewaren.

'Tmoedige, bloedige, woedige swaerd,
 Blonck en het klonck dat de voncken daermÿt
 vlogen
 Beving en leving opgeving der aerd,
 Wonder gedonden nu onder was me boven
 Door al 't mynen en 't geschut,
 Dat men daeglyck hoorde.
 Menif spanjaert in sÿn hut
 In sÿn bloet versmoorde,
 Berg op Zoom, etc.

See how bravely they go to work,
 How they strain their nerves to the task,
 See how they dig and throw up the earth
 To save our lives and our cities.
 Hark how the Spanish drums do beat,
 Hark! the trumpets of Maraens,
 As the enemy's troops rush headlong
 To take from us Berg up Zoom.
 Berg up Zoom, stand firm
 Hold the Spanish troops at bay,
 Our country's frontiers, our river Scheldt
 Guard at the cost of your lives.

Our valiant, trusty and mighty swords
 Leap from the scabbard, the sparks fly fast,
 Trembles the earth and the heavens re-echo
 To the thunder of cannon and guns,
 The air is filled with the noise of battle,
 Never the like was heard before,
 And many a Spaniard e'er the day was over
 Lay dead in his tent in a sea of blood.

Berg op Zoom is a city in the province of North Brabant which by reason of its strategical position had to bear the brunt of the Spanish invasion of the Netherlands, which took place through Flanders. Holland's fate depended upon the resistance this stronghold could offer and so well did the brave burghers perform their task that Berg op Zoom and its deeds of valor has been perpetuated in song and story.

Jan Broeder

Friar John

Jan broeder vrÿt een meisje swet
 Een meisje bovenmate,
 En als haar vader niet thuis en is
 Hy gaat er al wat by praten
 Hopsasa, Rideboedela
 Hy gaat er al wat by praten
 Hopsasa, rideboedela.

Het werd nu twalf van de nacht
 De klokken luiden alle,
 Dat meisje tegen Jan broeder sprak
 "Ga en lees nu uw getÿen.
 Hopsasa, etc.

Jan broeder over het kerkhof kwam
 De prrekheer die kwam hem tegen
 De preekheer die tegen jan broeder sprak
 "Waar syt ge vannacht gebleven.
 Hopsasa, etc.

"Waar ik vannacht gebleven ben
 Dat zal my nooit berouwen
 Se dronken daar bier en se taptten daar wyn
 En se spraken daar al van trouwen.

Friar John went a-seeking a maiden sweet,
 Much fairer than all the others,
 And as her father was not at home,
 They soon were deep in their courting.

The clock had struck the midnight hour,
 The church bells all were ringing,
 When the maiden said to Friar John
 "It's time that you were going".

Friar John took his way through the church-
 yard dark,
 Where he came up with the prior,
 The prior asked: "Where have you been,
 Where have you so long tarried?"

"Where have I been tonight, you ask,
 Regret it, will I never,
 For beer was drunk and wine was tapped,
 And much was said of marriage."

MARIE GIMBRERE, FLORA VAN WESTEN
LOUIS CATON, GERARD DUBERTA

8

O Heer der Daer

Lord, who hast Spread
From Valerius "Gedenck-Chanck."

O Heer die daer des hemels tente spreijt,
End' wat op aerd' is hebt alleen bereijt,
Het schuijmig woedig meer kond maken stille
End' alles doet naer uwen lieven wille.

Wij slaen het oog tot U omhoog
Die ons in anxst en noot
Verlosen komt tot aller stont
Jae selfs oock van de doot.

Als ghij (o vrokme.) dick-wijls hebt ges-
maeckt,
Vermaeckt u nu vrij dat 't u herte raeckt,
Looft God den Heer met singen ende apelen
End' roept vrij uijt te saem met luidjer kelen.
Hadd' ons der Heer (Hem sij de eer)
Alsoo niet bijgestaen
Wij waren lang (ons was soo bang)
Al in den druck vergaen.

Lord, who hast spread the wide heavens over-
head,

Who all that liveth with bounty hast fed,
Who by Thy power the ocean's fury stillest,
And c'er controllst all things as Thou wilt;
To Thee on high we send our cry
From many a fearful heart;
For e'er in life or deadly strife
Our shield and hope thou art.

We who are faithful know His love your own,
Lift up your hearts to Him, high on the
throne;
Praise God the Lord, who bringeth you sal-
vation,
Raise every voice to Him in exultation.
Had He not heard, whose mighty word
Was given our souls to save,
In fear and woe, we long ago,
Had found a mournful grave.

FLORA VAN WESTEN

9

'k heb veel Nachten lang ghewaeckt

"Through the Long Night"

'K heb veel nachten lang ghewaeckt,
Als een ander hiel sijn rust,
Naer u soete gonst gehaeckt,
Dien ick hiel voor al mijn lust,
Lief! ick was u Dienaer immer,
Mind my nu, o mind my nu, o mind my nu,
Of mind my nimmer.

Sterf ick door dees koorts der min
Daer uw help my mach genesen
Waer It geen schand', dat ghy, Godin!
D'oorsack van mijn dood soudt wesen?
Weest geen moorderesse immer
Mind my nu, o mind my nu, o mind my nu,
Of mind my nimmer!

Through many long nights, I have watched,
When others lay in deep sleep,
I was waiting and longing for you,
Who was more to me than life.
Dear, I was ever your handmaid,
Think of me, think of me, I pray.

Should I lie dying from love's pains,
You alone could make me well,
Is it not cruel that you, O Goddess, (Love)
Should be the cause of my death?
Be not a murderess ever,
Think of me, think of me, I pray!

“Daar was laatst een Meisje loos.”

Daar was laatst een meisje loos,
Die wou gaan varen, die wou gaan varen,
Daar was laatst een meisje loos,
Die wou gaan varen als licht matroos.

Zij moest kimmén in de mast,
Maken de zeilen, maken de zeilen,
Zij moest klimmen in de mast
Maken de zeilen met touwjes vast.

Maar door storm en tegenweer,
Sloegen de zeilen, sloegen de zeilen,
Maar door storm en tegenweer,
Sloegen de zeilen van boven neer.

“Och, kapteintje, sla me niet,
Ik ben uw liefje, ik ben uw liefje,
Och, kapteintje, sla me niet:
Ik ben uw liefgem gelijk gij niet!”

This is the story of a young girl who wished to go to sea as a common sailor. She was sent aloft in the rigging, but performed her task so badly that the first wind tore the sails into ribbons. She silenced the captain's reproaches by reminding him that whatever came, she was his own true love.

MARIE GIMBRERE and GERARD DUBERTA

Anna Marieken

Anna Marie

He: “Well, Anna Marieke, waar gaat ge
naar toe?”

She: “Ik gane naar buiten al by de soldaten.”
Hoep sa sa, fa la la hoep la la la.

He: “Wel Anna Marieke, wat gaat ge daar
doen?”

She: Haspen en spinnen soldaatyes bemi-
nen.”
Hoep sa sa, etc.

He: “Wel Anna Marieke, heb't gy er geen
man.

She: “Heb ik geen man, ik kryge geen slage.
Hoep sa sa, etc.

He: “Well Anna Marieke, hebt gy er geen
kind?”

She: “Heb ik geen kind, ik moete niet zor-
gen.”
Hoep sa sa, etc.

He: Well, Anna Marie, where will you be
going?

She: I'm going to the camp to see the sol-
dier boys.

He: Well, Anna Marie, what shall you do
out there?

She: I'll reel and spin and play pranks on
the lads.

He: Well, Anna Marie, and why have you
no husband?

She: If a have no husband, I need not fear
a beating.

He: Well, Anna Marie, have you then no
children?

She: No, I have no children, and therefore
have no cares.

This song was sung during the carnival season in Dunkerke at the time that Cousse-
maker made his collection of the folk-songs of the Netherlands. (Chants populaires des
Flamands et France. 1856).

Het Lodderig Meisje My Darling Maiden

"Meisken jong, mÿn maagdeken teer,
Hoe komt men in dit huiseken neer?"
"Trek an het koordeke van de klink,
Dat het deurken openspring"
Ja, mÿn lodderig meisje.

"Meisken jong, mÿn maagdeken tee,
Waar leg ik myn voetekens neer?"
"Leg uwe voetekens by de mÿn
I tal St. Jansdag Kermis sÿn."
Ja, mÿn lodderig meisje.

"Meisken jong, mÿn maagdeken teer,
Waar leg ik mÿn handekens neer?"
"Leg uwe handekans op mÿn hart,
I tal verdryven pÿn en smart",
Ja, mÿn lodderig meisje.

He: "Maiden young, my maiden dear,
How shall I find my way to you?"
She: "Pull the latch-string, you see outside,
And then the door will open wide."
O, my darling maiden.

He: "Maiden young, my maiden own,
Tell me where shall I lay me down?"
She: "Come and lay down by the side of me,
For on St. John's Eve, we'll married be."
O, my darling maiden.

He: "Maiden young, my maiden fair,
Tell me where shall I lay my hands?"
She: "Lay them upon my heart, I pray,
And drive all grief and pain away."
O, my darling maiden.

This song is sung in Dandermonde in a game called "Under the crown", in which the young lads and lassies join hands and dance around in a circle. The popular time for village weddings was during the "Kirmess" or fair which took place on St. John's Day. The most extensive use of this motive of the rural festivities of St. John's Day was made by Richard Wagner in the last act of "The Mastersingers".

Het Kwezelken The Little Nun From "Horae Belgica".

"Zeg, Kwezelken, wildeggy dansen?
Ik zal u geven een ei."
"Wel neen ik," zei dat kwezelken,
"Van dansen ben ik vry;
'k En kan niet dansen,
'k En mag niet dansen,
Dansen is in onze regel niet;
Bagyntjes en kwezelkens dansen niet".

"Zeg, kwezelken, wildeggy dansen?
Il zal u geven een peerd."
"Wel neen ik", zei dat kwezelken,
"'t En is my 't dansen niet weerd.
'k En kan niet dansen, etc.

"Zeg. kwezelken, wildeggy dansen?
Ik zal u geven een koe."
"Wel neen ik", zei dat kwezelken,
"Van dansen word ik to moe.
'k En kan niet dansen, etc.

"Zeg, kwezelken, wildeggy dansen?
Ik zal u geven een man."
"Wel ja ick", zei dat kwezelken,
Ik Zal dansen al wat ik kan;
'k kan wel dansen, etc.

"Say, nunnikin, won't you come dance, now?
I'll give you an egg if you will."
Nay, nay. anon the nun replies,
My vows were then kept ill.
For dance I can not,
And dance I may not
Dancing faithfully we forswore,
The nuns and the novices dance no more.

Say, nunnikin, won't you come dance, now?
I'll give you a horse if you will.
Nay, nay. anon the nun replies,
I'd rather be standing still.
For dance I can not, etc.

Say, nunnikin, won't you come dance, now?
I'll give you a cow if you will.
Nay, nay. anon the nun replies,
In bargaining you've no skill.

Say, nunnikin, won't you come dance, now?
I'll bring you a man if you will.
Ay, ay. anon the nun replies,
I'll dance me them my fill.
For dance I can now,
And dance I may now,
Dancing vows we will all obey
Nuns and novices dance all day.

This song, written about 1600, is still very popular in the southern provinces of Holland and in Flanders.

Myne Moedertaal

My Native Tongue

Mÿne moedertaal wie of haar ook kleineere,
Min ik als mÿn vaderland sta ik voor met hand
 en tand
O mÿn neerlandsch dat houd ik steeds in eere.

Mÿne moedertaal is de schoonste taal
En zou se 't ook niet weren
Haar verkiesen zou ik toch, want ze is de
 mÿne toch
O mÿn neerlandsch was eeuwig mÿ gepriesen.

This is a song in glorification of the Dutch language, which the unknown poet of the Netherlands naturally prizes and praises above all others.

Vlaggelied

Flag Song

Gÿ schittrende kleuren van Nederlandsch vlag
Wat wappert gÿ fier langs den vloed,
Hoe klopt ons het haart van vreugde en ontrag
Wanneer het uw banen begroet
Ontploi il waarmit nu by dag en by nacht
Gÿ blijft ons het teeken o heilige vlag
Van trouw uw van vromheid en moed.

Of is niet dat blauw in syn smetloose pracht
Der trouw onser vadren gewÿd?
Of tuigt niet dat rood van hun manlyke kracht
En moed in zoo manlyke strÿd?
Of wÿst niet die blankheid zoo rein en zoo
 zacht
Op roomheid die zegen van Gode verwacht
Den Zegen die eeuwig en eenig gedÿt.

In the absence of an official translation of the well-known "Flag Song" of the Netherlands, it will suffice to say that it is animated by a spirit of profound patriotism. The colors, blue, red and white, are made symbolic of the loyalty, manly courage, and deep religious fervor, by which the people of the Netherlands have ever been inspired when fighting for king, country and liberty.

MARIE GIMBRERE, FLORA VAN WESTEN
LOUIS CATON, GERARD DUBERTA

16

Wij leven vrij, wij leven blij

We Lead a Life that's Free and Bold

Wij leven vrij, wij leven blij
Op Neêrlands dierbren grond;
Ontworsteld aan de slavernij,
Zijn wij door eendracht groot en vrij;
Hier duldt de grond geen dwinglandji,
Waar vrijheid eeuwen stond,
Waar vrijheid eeuwen stond.

Zijn wij als Maurits in den strijd
Als Ruyter op de zee,
De handel bloei door onze vlijt.
Dat elk der kunsten offers wijd'.
En Neêrlands vlag blink' wijd en zigd
Tot aan de verste zee.

Zoo leven wij altijd vrij en blij,
Op Neêrlands dierbren grond;
Door trouw aan eigen wetten vrij,
Praalt Neêrland in den volkren rij,
En't Vaderland blijft groot en vrij
Tot'swerelds avondstond.

We lead a life that's free and bold,
On Hoiland's well-loved soil
Delivered from the tyrant's yoke,
United we are great and free,
We suffer not the oppressor's hand
Where freedom aye has stood.

We stand like Maurice in the fight,
Like Ruyter on the sea,
Our commerce thrives on sea-borne trade,
Our art is known in every land,
Our proud flag waves far and wide,
On all far-distant seas.

So shall we live, so shall we die,
On Holland's well-loved soil;
Brave deeds and faith have made us free,
And given us an honored name.
So free and great shall be our land,
Until the Judgement Day.

C. V. K.

FLORA VAN WESTEN

17

Mooi Lievertje, Loop Je het Grachte mee Rond?

"My darling, will you walk with me?"

Mooi lievertje, loop je het grachte mee rond?
"Weel neen. Weel neen."
Krijg'k dan niet een kussje op je suikeren
mond?
"Loop heen. Loop heen."
Je bent me zoo dier, en je bent me zoo waard,
Zonder jou is het leven m'een kwelling op aard.
"Nou jok je, nou jok je gemeen.
Nou jok je, nou jok je gemeen.

'K Moet niets van je hebben jou fijne sinjeur?
"Och hee. Och hee."
"Vertel jij je praatjes aan anderen veur.
"O wee. O wee."
"EEn vrijer wil 'k wel een trouw hartige
maat,
"En vrijer wil 'k wel een trouw hartige maat,
se plaat,
Met jou ga een andere mee.

"My darling will you walk with me?"
"No indeed, no indeed, not I."
"Will you give me a kiss on your sugar-sweet
mouth?"
"Go away. Go away. Leave me be!
"You are so dear, and you are so sweet,
Without you my life will be incomplete!"
"Now you are telling a terrible lie!"

"No I'll have nothing to do with you", my
fine fellow!"
"That's too bad, that's too bad, indeed!"
"Tell that to others, but not to me!"
"Ah me! Ah me! How sad!"
"I like a iver more constant than you
You are but a gay deceiver, of that I am sure,
Go, seek you another sweetheart!"

Vier Weverkens

Four Weavers

Vier weverkens zag men ter botermarkt gaan,
 En de boter die was er zoo diere.
 Zig hadden geen duitje in hunne tasch,
 En ze kochten een pond sa vieren.
 Schiet-spoele, sjerre-bekke, spoelza.
 Djikke, djakke, kerrekoltjes, klits klets.
 En se kochten een pond sa vieren.

En als zig dat boterken hadden gekocht,
 Zig hadden nog geen plateelen.
 Zig spraken dat vrouwken zoo vriendelijk
 aan,
 Om hun boterken te deelen.

Dat zou il nog wel geren doen,
 Ja, zcowel als een vrouwken vol eeren,
 Maar'k weet-wel, wat er de weverkens zijn,
 En de weverkens zijn geen heeren.

Four weavers set out for market
 But they found the butter too dear,
 They had'nt money enough in their purse
 So they bought only one pound, all four.

Now when the butter was bought and paid
 They found that had no dish,
 So they asked the good-wife kindly
 If she would give each a share.

To this she assented gladly
 As a woman of honor she was.
 But she said: Mark you well, I know you
 And weavers are not gentlemen.

Flemish

MARIE GIMBERERE and GERARD DUBERTA

Madonnakindje

Madonna Child

(Cath. Van Rennes).

Madonna kindje met het goudblond haar,
 En twee buine oogen die als stern en glanz en
 Met vlugge voetjes die in 't wiegske dans en
 Ge houdt wel van het leven zeg het maar.

Bracht voit een mondje zachter lkanken voort
 By 't vroolyke grypan naar de gouden stralen
 Als 't gretig handje 't zonlicht aan wil halen
 Of als gy juichend raden komen hoort.

Madonna kindje als ge uw moeder tegenlacht
 Dan denk ik still aan hooge heilge lingen
 Gy komt de lente in onze harten singen
 Gyzyk een duifje dat ons vrede bracht.

Madonna Baby, with your golden hair,
 And two brown eyes that shine like stars,
 Your slender feet are dancing in the cradle!
 You love this life, oh? Speak right up!

Did ever a mouth bring forth more charming
 sounds
 Than yours when reaching for the sunny rays
 With your pleading little hands against the
 sunlight.
 And when you cry in glee as your father ap-
 proaches,

Madonna Baby, and when you smile into your
 mother's face,
 'Tis then I think of quiet, holy things—
 Then Spring comes singing into our hearts,
 You are the little love that brought us peace!

De Vlaamsche Leeuw

Zy sullen hem niet temmen, den leren Vlaam-
sche leeuwe
Al dreigen zÿ sÿn vrijheid met kluisters en
geschreuw,
Zÿ zullen hem niet temmen zoo lang een
vlaming leeft,
Zooland de leeuw kan klauwen, zoolang hÿ
tanden heeft.

Het wraaksein is gegeven hy is hun tergen moe
Met vuur in 't oog met woede apringt hÿ den
vÿands toe
Hy scheurt vernield verplettert bedekt met
bloed en shijk
En zegepralend grÿnst hÿ op 's vÿands tril-
lend lÿk.
Zy zullen hem niet temmen etc.

Belgium has two national hymns, one of which is the "Flemish Lion" sung in the provinces of Flanders, while the better-known "Brabaçonne" is more popular among the Wal-lachians.

Het Klooster van St. Arjaan

The Cloister of St. Arjaan

- | | |
|--|---|
| She: Willem zeg: zoo gansch alleen, kan ik
toch niet blyven leven
Naar een klooster wil ik geen. | She: William I can no longer live alone
Can you not tell me what to do?
Of a nunnery I've bethought me? |
| He: Wel dan weet ik raad te geven
Naar het klooster moet ge gaan
Naar het klooster van St. Arjaan
Waar er twee paar schoenen aan
Het beddeken staan. | He: If this be true, I counsel you
To choose the cloister of St. Arjaan
Where under each bed stand two pairs
of shoes. |
| She: Zeg wat is dat voor een Sticht,
Waag ik eindelyk te fragen?
Is de boet daar zwaar of licht. | She: Tell me, what is this place of which you
speak
And must I do penance heavy or light? |
| He: Ei. ze zou U vast behagen
Naar het klooster van St. Arjaan, etc. | He: Ah, you will be pleased, of that I'm
assured
At the cloister of St. Arjaan. |
| She: Zeg hoe ware myn habyt
In die Godgewyde veste,
Hel of donker eng of wyd? | She: Tell me what kind of a dress shall I
wear,
In this place of God so blest? |
| He: Ei, het simplest is er 't beste.
Naar det klooster van St. Arjaan, etc. | He: The simpler it is the better 'twill be
At the Cloister of St. Arjaan, etc. |
| She: Zeg en dede ik naar uw woord
Wie geleidt me, wie gelart er
Zich te outsluiten, by de poort? | She: Tell me, and if I should do as you say,
Who would accompany me thither,
And who would give orders to let me in
And see that the portals would open
wide? |
| He: Ei. de schepene, en de pastor,
Naar det klooster van St. Arjaan, etc. | He: All orders must come from the priest
and the mayor,
At the cloister of St. Arjaan, etc. |

She: Zoo en gy dan? (He) Naag je nog
Ei. ik sal wel mede moeten
Twee paar schoenen parsen toch
'T allerbest aan twee paar voeten.

Both: om we zullen samen gaan
Naar 't klooster van St. Arjaan
Waar er twee paar schoenen aan
Het beddeken staan.

She: And now tell me what have you to do
with all this?

He: I'm surprised that you ask; I go along,
For two pairs of shoes were certainly
made
To fit two pairs of feet.

Both: Come we will go together
To the cloister of St. Arjaan, etc.

A word of explanation is necessary if the rather drastic significance of this song is to be understood. For a young man, in certain parts of Holland, to suggest to his sweetheart that she go with him to the "cloister of St. Arjaan" is equivalent to a proposal, and the wily maiden of his song, adroitly leads up to the suggestion she is longing to hear.

D u t c h

MARIE GIMBRERE, FLORA VAN WESTEN
LOUIS CATON, GERARD DUBERTA

22

Toen Onze Mop Een Mopje Was

When Mops was a little Puppy

Children's Song.

Toen onze mop een mopje was
Was 't aardig hem te zien,
Nu bromt hij alle dagen,
An bijt nog bovendien;
Waf, woef, waf, woef, waf, woef, waf, woef,
En bijt nog bovendien
Nu bromt hij alle dagen
An bijt nog bovendien.

Je bent een heel bedroven dier,
Eerst nam je, wat ik bood;
Nu wil je lekkre beetjes
En lust niet eens meer brood.
Waf, woef, etc.

De mop zei hierop tot den knaap;
Hoc dwaas praat jig daar toch;
Hadt jig mij niet bedorven
'K was een liefst mopje nog.
Waf, woef, etc.

When our Mops was a puppy,
He was as dear as could be;
Now he is naughty every day,
And bites every one that he sees.

"You are a very spoiled little dog,
Before you took what you got,
But now you will eat only delicacies,
And bread you eat not at all.

The dog said to the little boy:
"What silly things you do say.
Had you not petted and spoiled me,
A dear I still would be."

COOPER UNION FORUM

Program for the Week

Friday evening, March 28:

“What shall we do with our principles?”

Everett Dean Martin.

Sunday evening, March 30:

Labor and the Peace Congress.

Dr. Harry F. Ward.

School of Philosophy

Lectures held in the Stuyvesant Neighborhood House.

Thursday evening, March 27:

The World's Thoughts and Its Growing Pains.

Mr. Andre Tridon.

Saturday evening, March 29:

Humanism: How Free Men Think.

Everett Dean Martin.

Sunday afternoon, March 30:

The Aesthetic Content and the Social Message of the
World's Younger Poets.

Bernard Sexton.

Monday evening, March 31:

Biology and Evolution.

Dr. Marchand.

GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE
PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

Eleventh Evening
Tuesday, April 1,
Wandering Folk-Songs II,
BALTIC PROVINCES
AND FINNLAND

Artists: Marie Mieler-Narodny, Soprano; Devora Nadvorny, Mezzo-Soprano; Franz Egenieff, Baritone; William Oncken, Baritone; Reinhold Warlich and Max Merz, Piano.

Twelfth Evening: Mountain Songs. Artists: Olga von Türck-Rohn, Soprano; Hertha von Türck-Rohn, Soprano; Paul Reimers, Tenor; William Oncken, Baritone; Reinhold Warlich, Baritone; Max Merz, Piano.

The program book containing texts and other information may be obtained a few days before each concert at The People's Institute. A subscription of \$3.00, sent in with the attached slip, will secure prompt delivery of the entire set of program books upon issuance. Address all communications to The Department of Folk Lore, of the People's Institute, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Fsiesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavii): 1. East Slavir: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatic, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Eshonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Thrkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I.	Tuesday, January 21Early French Provençale
	II.	“ January 28Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III.	“ February 4	...Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV.	“ February 11 English
	V.	“ February 18Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI.	“ February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII.	“ March 4Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII.	“ March 11Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN		“ March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finland
	IX.	“ March	
	X.	“ April 25Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	XI.	“ April 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finland, Hungarian
	XII	“ April 8 Mountain-Songs
	XIII.	“ April 15 German
DIVERSE RACES	XIV.	“ April 22Balcan, Hebrew
NORTH AMERICAN	XV.		29 America

FOLK-SONG

II.

The program book of February 18th contained a brief discussion of the term "Folk Song," or rather of the specific significance of the first half of this compound word, and this discussion will now be resumed, by laying emphasis upon the word "Song."

In doing this it will be necessary to take into consideration the relationship between word and tone—that is to say, between language and music or the musical accentuation of the textual expression. Only a thorough-going investigation of physiological and psychological conditions would enable us to gain a clear idea of this relationship, and as this is manifestly impossible within the limited space here available, a practicable illustration from the writer's own experience may serve to illustrate this point and lead to independent thought or individual research on the part of those seriously interested in this subject.

In the spring of 1915, I was asked by a highly cultivated New York woman whether I had heard any of the "wonderfully beautiful Hawaiian music." Upon confessing my ignorance on this subject, she selected one of the most characteristic records, and proceeded to give me an example of what she, and thousands of others believed to be the very essence of original Hawaiian life as expressed in the native music. She was evidently much disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm and still more by my statement that "this music has nothing in common with Hawaiian life, but bears strong ear-marks of having been written by a German or German-Austrian composer."

This was just at the time when the Hawaiian music cult was sweeping like an epidemic over the country and the public was going into raptures over the "originality of this music from the paradisaical islands in the Pacific." I knew nothing at all about the origin of this music, but despite the generous employment of ukelele tones, I felt that its reputed origin was questionable. About a year later, an article appeared in a New York magazine, written by a man whose name I have, unfortunately forgotten—in which he proved that the inventor, so to speak, of the Hawaiian music was none other than a German conductor, called to Hawaia by a command of the queen many years ago, and since then thoroughly identified with the musical life of the islands.

In the autumn of 1917, I attended a lecture given by a well-known scientist, who had made the South Sea Islands the subject of special investigation, and who had many interesting things to say about the history, language and music of the Polynesian race. My interest was aroused and in the course of a private conversation, he produced authoritative references to prove that the original Polynesian scale contained only five tones, and that the music essentially out of the rhythm of the language and the physical movements, and that, furthermore, it had not the slightest resemblance to any European music. The words as well as the melodies are preserved only in the memory of the oldest inhabitants and are, therefore, practically extinct.

From this hasty argument it will be seen that the so-called "Hawaiian music", heard in every hamlet and city throughout the United States and made familiar to millions of families through the medium of the gramophone, has absolutely nothing in common with the original culture of the Polynesians and is rather to be considered as a hybrid production betokening cultural decadence. And even though it could be proven that a number of genuine Polynesian melodies had been interwoven into this music in order to give it a local flavor—something which is probable but has never been scientifically established—the treatment of these melodies, both harmonically and rhythmically is absolutely European in character and spirit and is in no way representative of the old Polynesian culture, now rapidly becoming extinct.

The above illustration only serves to prove that the musical accentuation of every linguistic expression can only be born from the spirit of the language. The transcription of a Chinese sequence of tones upon the modern pianoforte, is an act of vandalism only comparable with an attempt to reproduce "My Old Kentucky Home", for example, with the musical resources at the command of the Chinese. Even within the more nearly related European folk-groups, the translation of texts for musical purposes is always attended by dislocations of the musical accent, in fact, often results in absolute subversions of the spirit of the work.

The translation of the French opera of "Pelleas and Melisande" in which all the finesse of the French language is brought to such marvellous expression, is just as great a torture to the highly sensitive artistic soul as the false and ridiculous pathos that creeps into a Wagnerian text when translated into French. Every language has its own inner logic and life, which is robbed of its true spirit and significance when made subordinate to a foreign idiom.

If this be true of an art-song, how far greater must this be the case in a Folk-Song, in which the innermost life and thoughts and feelings of the Folk-soul finds expression.

MAX MERZ.

No. 1 and 2 are from "Songs of Italy", collected and edited by Eduardo Marzo, translated into English by Theo. Baker, and published by G. Schirmer, N. Y.

No. 3, a old Catalan Nativity Song, arranged by Kurt Schindler.

No. 5 from the Collection "Noëlsfrançais" by Julien Tiersot.

No. 6 from "Erk-Böhme: Deutscher Liederhort.

No. 7 and 9, Erk Volkslieder-Album.

No. 8 from "English Country-Songs, collected and edited by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller-Maitland.

No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 23 and 24 from "Miinar Hermann'i laulukoori Kontserdi laulud II."

No. 18, 19 and 22 through courtesy of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, from "Valituita Suomalaisia Kanson-Lauluja, collected and arranged by K. Collan.

No. 21 from "Ten Student Songs of Finland," edited by Kurt Schindler, published "The H. W. Gray Company, N. Y.

No. 20 from "Collection of Folksongs of all Nations by A. G. Berggreen. (Music Division, Public-Library, 42nd St., N. Y.)

Program

The Wandering and the Metamorphose of the Folk-Song

For the second time in the course of these concerts, a part of the program will be devoted to the "Wandering Folk-Song". (See the program book of the eighth concert.)

By this term is meant the changes a folk-song undergoes in its wanderings from lip to lip, from generation to generation, and from land to land. Not alone the changes that take place in the songs themselves will be shown here, but also the linguistic expressions growing out of the propinquity and intermingling of two foreign races, whether this contact be brought about for the purposes of peace or for the purposes of war.

The present program contains interesting examples of the metamorphose and the mutual influence exerted by the peoples thus brought into close contact.

A

Nos. 1 and 2 are Italian dialect poems from the island of Sicily the melodies of which show a distinct Arabian influence. The explanation of this is that the inhabitants of Sicily, an island lying in the Mediterranean, were geographical neighbours of the Arabians living along the northern coast of Africa, and that Sicily, like Spain, was at one time over-run by the armies of the Arabians and the Saracens.

As a result of these conditions, Arabian art dominated a large part of the Spanish peninsula from the beginning of the 8th century to the close of the 15th century, proof of which is not only furnished by the splendid architectural monuments and other works of art, but also by the peculiar recitative character of the folk-songs still sung in Spain.

This Arabian influence is plainly to be seen in the words printed in italics in the first of these two Sicilian songs as well as throughout the entire second song.

FRANZ EGENIEFF

1

Serenada

Palermo (Sicily)

'Nta sta vanedda cci ABBITA Un scursuni, La notta affaccia e lu jornu 'un cumpari, La notta affaccia versu li du'uri, Spinci al testa e si metti a friscari.	There is a snake that lives in yonder alley, He is abroad by night, by day he's missing, Upon the stroke of two he forth will sally, Raise up his head, and then you hear him hissing.
---	--

E quannu jetta LU FRISCU d'amuri, Tanti dunnuzzi schetti fa 'ffacciari, O tu, picciotta, guardati l'onouri, Accura, . . nun ti fari muzzicari.	And when they hear the snake a love-lay hissing, Maidens will run to look, and many are smitten; But you, my darling girl, beware his kissing, For if you are not careful, you'll be bitten.
---	---

This is a Ritornello rather than a real folk song. Especially characteristic of its Arabic origin is the interval from d flat to b natural, which occurs twice in the course of the melody.

2

Canto del Carcerato

Song of the Prisoner

Palermo (Sicily)

Amici, amici, chi'n Palermu jiti,
Mi salutati dda bedda citati,
Mi salutati li frati e l'amici,
Puru dda vicchiareda di mè matri.

Spjätini di mia chi si ni dici,
Si li me' cosi sunnu cüitati;
Giacchi, si voli Diu, comu si dici,
Di novu ci haju ghiri a libirtati.

Ah, friends and comrades all, who forth are
faring,

My love to fair Palermo ye are bearing;
A greeting give to all my friends, my brother,
A tender greeting, too, for my old mother.

See what in town they all of me are saying,
And see if my affair is growing quiet;
For then, if God so will as I am praying,
My longing eye in freedom soon shall spy it.

The weird style of this cantilena shows the marked influence of the Arab music, a circumstance to be explained by the fact that the Sicilians are neighbors of the Arabians, geographically speaking, and at one time, the island of Sicily was overrun by the Saracens.

No. 3 is a Spanish song of the "Three Magi"; No. 4 is a German "Spring Song", sung by the children in the school; No. 5 is a French "Christmas Song", which may be traced back to an old Drinking Song. The same themes are displayed in the melodies of all three of these songs. First of all, there is a striking similarity between the beginning of the Spanish song and that of the German son, and furthermore, in all three songs there is one phrase which is conspicuous by reason of the descending interval of the second. This occurs in the third line of each verse of the German Spring Song which precedes the closing theme and the same is true of the Spanish and French songs. And again, this closing melody is note for note the same in both of the romantic songs—that is to say, in the Spanish and French.

Thus we have here characteristic songs from three different languages constructed from the same hematic material and yet each one independent in form and spirit.

3

Canco de Nadal

The Three Kings

Old Catalan Nativity Songs.

After the harmonization by the

REV. LLUIS ROMEU (Barcelona).

Arranged by KURT SCHINDLER.

El Desembre congelat
Cenfús se retira,
Abril de flors coronat
Tot el món admira,
Quan en un jardí d'amor
Naix una divina
Flor d'una rororo
D'una sa, sa, sa,
D'una ro, d'una, sa,
D'una rosa bella
Fecondai poncella.

El primer pare causá
La nit tenebrosa
Que a tot el món ofuscá
La vista penosa.
Quan en una mitja nit
Velo sol que n'és exit
D'una be, be, be
D'una lla, lla, lla
D'una be, d'una lla
D'una belle aurora
Quel cel enamora.

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt
Schindler.

As December's Frosty King
Went his way, unwilling,
While the fragrant hope of spring,
Ev'ry heart was filling,
Then within a garden fair
Grew a blossom wondrous rare
From a rose-tree fine,
From a tree divine,
From a rose, from a tree,
From a rosetree tender,
Rich in virgin spendor.

God the Father sent the night
Which this world enshrouded.
Darkness fell, and veiled the sight
Mortal eyes were clouded.
Then at midnight came a glow,
Never seen on earth below
Came a star so white, came a star so white,
Oh, so white, oh, so bright
Was the starlight beaming,
Midst the radiance gleaming.

Frühlingsankunft

Folk-Tune

Words by Hoffmann v. Fallersleben.

Alle Vögel sind schon da,
 Alle Vögel alle.
 Welch ein Singen, Musizieren,
 Pfeifen, Zwitschern, Tirelieren,
 Frühling will nun einmarschieren,
 Kommt mit Sang und Schallen.

Wie sie alle lustig sind,
 Flink und froh sich regen,
 Amsel, Drossel, Fink und Star,
 Und die ganze Vogelschar,
 Wünschet dir ein frohes Jahr,
 Lauter Heil und Segen.

Was sie uns verkündet nun,
 Nehmen wir zu Herzen:
 Wir auch wollen lustig sein,
 Lustig wie die Vögelein,
 Hier und dort feldaus, feldein,
 Singen, springen scherzen.

All the birds have come again
 All the birds are here.
 What a singing what a trilling,
 Piping, twittering, chattering
 Spring will soon be here.

Gay and merry are they all,
 As they now assemble,
 Thrush and blackbird, starling finch,
 Wish for thee a joyful year,
 Full of earthly blessings.

The message that they bring to us,
 Let us take to heart;
 We will let our hearts rejoice,
 Like the little birds.
 Here and there, wh'er we go,
 Sing and dance and pleasure show.

Quand Dieu Naquit a Noel

When The Son of God Was Born

Quand Dieu naquit à Noël,
 Dans la Palestine
 On vit, ce jour solennel,
 Une joi' divine.
 Il n'était ni petit ni grand
 Qui n'apportât san present
 Et n'o-no-no-no,
 Et n'offrit frifri
 Et no-no,
 Et fri-fri
 Et n'offrit sans cesse,
 Tout sa richesse.
 L'un apportait un agneau
 Avec un grand zèle
 L'autre un peu de lait nouveau
 Dedans une écuelle.
 Tel, sous de pauvres habits
 Cachait nu peu de pain bis
 Pour la la
 Pour sain sain
 Pour la Sainte-Vierge
 Et Joseph Concierge.
 Quoiqu'il n'en eut pas besoin
 Jésus notre maître
 Il en prit avecque soin
 Pour faire connaître
 Qu'il avait les qualités,
 Par ces dons représentés,
 D'un vrai vrai vrai vrai
 D'un vrai roi roi roi
 D'un vrai vrai
 D'un roi roi
 D'un vrai roi de gloire
 En qui l'on doit croire.

When the Son of God was born
 At Bethlehem in Judea,
 On that solemn day was seen
 A joy truly divine.
 There was no one, neither great nor small
 But came bringing gifts to the Child,
 And they offered without ceasing
 Their treasures, one and all.

One, came bringing a little lamb
 With ardor and with love
 Another brought some fresh new milk
 In a bowl, so carefully carried.
 One, underneath his poor cloak
 Concealed a bit of bread
 To give to the Virgin Mary
 And her good spouse, Joseph.

Although there was no need of this
 Jesus our divine Master
 Took the greatest care
 To make it known
 That he possessed all the qualities
 Represented by these gifts
 Of a true King of Glory
 In whom we must believe.

The virgin of this Christmas song may be traced back to a popular drinking song:
"Quand la mer rouge apparat." or "Notre bon père Noé".

B

In No. 6 we have a folk-song of the 16th century, in which both text and melody bear the distinct stamp of that golden age of song-writing, namely, fidelity to nature, sentiment, perfection of form and above all, utmost simplicity. The poem is from a collection of songs published by Paul van der Aeltst; the melody is found in Babst's Song-Book, 1545, set to a hymn by Emanuel Alberus, but it originally belonged to a secular song: "So weiß ich eins, das mich erfreut, das Blümlein auf breiter Heide".

Erk-Boehme writes: "This song is unquestionably the prototype of the Goethe poem: "Sah ein Knab" ein Röslein stehn", (No. 7), which was written in 1771, and has become a folk-song known throughout the world. Here we have a curious case of an old folk-song furnishing inspiration for an art-poem, written by one of the greatest poets of all time, and that this art-song, in the course of the decades, has again become a folk-song by reason of the fact that Goethe struck the folk-tone so accurately that the folk could make the song its own spontaneously. No less than fifty composers have set this poem to music, the most distinguished of these being the eighteen-year old Franz Schubert. His setting, however, is that of an art-song and it was Werner, a music teacher of Brunswick who wrote the popular folk version.

6

Heidenröslein

Melodie: So weiß ich eins das mich erfreut,
Das Blümlein auf breiter Heide.
1545.

Sie gleicht wohl einem Rosenstock,
Drum liebt sie mir im Herzen;
Sie trägt auch einen roten Rock,
Kann züchtig freundlich scherzen.
Sie blühet wie ein Röslein,
Das Bäcklein wie das Mündelein.
Liebst du mich, so lieb ich dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

My love is like a wild, wild rose,
And she doth love me well,
She wears a dress of glowing red,
And blithe and gay is she.
She blooms and blushes like a rose
Red are her cheeks and lips,
If you love me, so I'll love thee
Wild-rose in the hedge-row.

Beut mir her deinen roten Mund,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
Ein Kuss gib mir aus Herzensgrund,
So steht mein Herz in Freuden.
Behüt dich Gott zu jeder Zeit,
All Stund und wie es sich begeit;
Küss du mich, so küß ich dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Press thy lips to mine, dear love,
Wild-rose in the hedge-row,
Give me a kiss with all thy heart
My joy shall no know bounds.
God save and keep you ever dear
Each hour, where'er you be
If you kiss me, so I'll kiss thee
Wild-rose in the hedge-row.

7

Words by Wolfgang v. Goethe.

Sah' ein Knab' ein Röslein steh'n,
Röslein auf der Heiden;
War so jung and morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu seh'n,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Knabe sprach: "Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden."
Röslein sprach: "Ich steche dich,
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden."

Und der wilde Knabe brach's
Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Mußt' es eben leiden!

Once a boy a rose espied,
In the hedge-row growing,
Fresh in all her youthful pride,
When her beauties he described,
Joy in his heart was glowing.
Little wildrose, wildrose red,
In the hedgerow growing.
Said the boy: "I'll gather ye,
In the hedgerow growing."
Said the rose: "Then I'll pierce thee,
That thou mayst remember me,
Thus reproof bestowing.
Little wildrose, etc.
Thoughtlessly he plucked the rose,
In the hedgerow growing,
But her thorns their sting opposed,
Vainly he laments his woes,
And with pain his hand doth glow,
Little wildrose, etc.

It is interesting to compare the two texts of No. 8, which although presenting the same idea, vary in treatment, the one being a lyrical picture and the other developed along the lines of a story. Both are the plaint of a maiden who has been deceived, and the symbols employed are about the same, with the exception of the "oak-tree" of the first song, which in the second, is changed into a willow-tree.

The two texts are sung to different melodies, the three verses in heavy print being sung to the melody from Northhamphshire and the two similarly printed verses of the second text follow the melody from West-County.

8

The Seeds of Love Or: The Spring of Thyme (Northamptonshire.)

*'Tis young men and maidens all,
That are just in your prime,
I would have you to weed your gardens clean,
And let no one steal your thyme.*

*For thyme is the finest thing,
That does Yourish by night and day,
But there came by such a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.*

*And now I've no old hyme left,
No room for to plant any more,
For on the same spot where my old thyme
stood,
It is all overrun with rue.*

The running, running rue,
It is the rue that has ruined me,
And I oftimes wish in the place where it
stands,
I had gained a jolly oak-tree.

My gardener stood by me,
I asked him to choose for me,
There's the lily, pink and red rosebud,
I refused these flowers all three.

In June is the red rosebud,
And that's no flower for me,
The red rosebud I will pluck up,
And plant a jolly oak-tree.

Stand up, oh you jolly, jolly oak.
Don't wither and don't die.
For I'll prove true to the one I love,
As the stars that are in the sky.

The words and tune of this song were dictated by Mrs. Wilson of King's Dangle, Herts, a native of Northamptonshire. The following widely different version of the same songs is printed in the Crampton Ballads to be found in the British Museum. It is from the West Country and presents a much more amplified text set to another melody.

I sowed the seeds of love,
It was all in the spring,
In April, in May and in June likewise,
When small birds they do sing.

My garden is well planted,
With flowers everywhere;
I have not liberty to choose for myself,
The flowers that I love so dear.

My gardener stood by me,
I asked him to choose for me,
The lily and pink I did overlook,
And vowed I'd stay till June.

In June there's a red rosebud,
And that the flower for me,
For often I have plucked the red rosebud,
Till I gained the willow tree.

The willow tree will twist,
And the willow tree will twine,
I wish I was in the young man's arms
That had this heart of mine.

The gardener stood by
And told me to take great care,
For in the middle of a red rosebud,
There grows a sharp thorn there.

I told him I'd take great care,
Till I did feel the smart,
For often have I plucked at the red rosebud,
Till it pierced me to the heart.

My garden is run over,
Where shall I plant a new?
For my bed that was once covered with thyme,
Is all overrun with rue.

I locked my garden gate,
And resolved to keep the key,
But a young man came a-courting me,
And stole my liberty.

Come you false young man,
Who left me to complain,
The grass that's trodden under feet,
In time will grow again.

No. 9, furnishes an interesting and at the same time, humorous illustration of the wandering folk-song, as the melody is that of a Spanish dance "La Chachuca", introduced into Germany by the famous dancers, Lola Montez and Taglioni. It immediately found great favor with the students of South Germany who soon adapted it for their own purposes, to a convivial text written by a law student, destined later for a life full of political honors.

9

Bedenklichkeit

Heinrich von Mühler (1842.)

Spanish Dance:

La Madrilena.

Grad aus dem Wirtshaus nun komm ich
heraus:
Straße, wie wunderbar siehst du mir aus!
Rechte Hand, linke Hand, beides vertauscht:
Straße, ich merke wohl, du bist berauscht!

Und die Laternen erst, was muß ich sehn!
Die können alle nicht, grade mehr stehen;
Wackeln und fackeln die Kreuz und Quer;
Scheinen betrunken mit alle samt schwer!

Alles im Sturme rings, großes und klein;
Wag ich darunter mich, nüchtern allein?
Das scheint bedenklich mir, ein Wagestück!
Da gehe ich, lieber ins Wirtshaus zurück!

Just now I sallied forth from the tavern:
Street! You have a curious look to me.
Right hand, left hand, don't know one from
another.
Street! I see well, you've been drinking too
much!

See the street lanterns! They also look queer!
Upright, not one of them's able to stand.
Reeling and staggering here and there,
Dead drunk, they surely all must be.

About me I see only curious things.
Dare I, the only sober one, remain on the
street,
This seems to me a too venturesome act,
No, the tavern's the only safe place for me!

Folk-Song of Esthonia and Finland

The Finns and the Esthonians are a branch of the Mongolian race, and belong to the Ural-Altai linguistic group which originally occupied the Ural Mountains and parts of the Altai. The Finns are divided into the four following families: 1) The Ugrische (to which the Magyars also belong), 2) The Wolga-Bulgarian; 3) The Perms; 4) the Finns together with the Esthonians, the Lapps and what remains of the Livonians. Mr. Narodny writes as follows in regard to the folk-poesy of the Finns and the Esthonians:

The Esthonian and Finnish folksongs differ somewhat from those of many other European nations, because of their outspoken symbolistic or magic character, which is due to the Mongolian origin of these two nations. Song and dance entered largely into the life of mediaeval Esthonian-Finnish villages and towns. Every village had its own musicians and singers; the night-shepherds *öitsilised*, usually played their bag-pipe, *torupill*, the maidens working in the fields played the flute, while the troubadours, the professional village musicians accompanied their songs on the harp *kantele* or *kannel*. There was no festivity without song or dance, and the instrumentalist playing for the dance was accompanied by a precentor for the singing and a leader for the steps. The great variety of occupations and pastimes accompanied by song and dance made for a great variety of folk tunes. From this folk song of mediaeval Esthonia and Finland, dealing with the nomadic realities of life in their manifold manifestations, one could almost reconstruct the whole life of the race, its history, beliefs, superstitions, social and domestic customs, its tragedies, romance and poetry. The harvest, love, spinning, cradle, and various trade songs are a musical commentary as illuminating to the historian as any other relics of the past.

Many beautiful melodies still heard in the Esthonian and Finnish villages, date from the Middle Ages. Their charm and vitality are such that they have survived the onslaught of advancing civilization, of wars and slavery for six centuries or more. They take us back to the time when fishing, cattle, herding and hunting were the main pursuits of man; song lightened his labor and song cheered his leisure hours and music was a solace to all alike. Like the Oriental, thus the Esthonian-Finnish folksongs are often limited to short phrases, repeated and repeated again, lacking contrast and only primitively balanced. The dominant feature in them is an insistent and often unvaried rhythm.

Esthonian

MARIA MIELER NARODNY

10

Kannel

Esthonian Folksong

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamaie,
Laulusida lõõrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Rõõmsa rahwa ridadesse,
Lustiliste laua taha,
Kussa pulma peetanessa,
Kussa lustil luisatakse,
Et saaks hääлта ärgitama,
Et saaks südant sütitama.

My beloved harp,
My golden stringed harp,
Awakens the voices
Makes the songs fly.
Come, dear wind,
Carry the sound of my harp
To joyous people, where they have weddings
To awaken their songs
To kindle their hearts.

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamai.
Laulusida lõõrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Leinaliste keskele,
Waeste kurwa südamele,
Et saaks walu waigistama,
Kurwastusta kustutama,
Leinamista lepitama
Nutu-ohku uinutama.

My beloved harp,
My golden stringed harp,
Awakens the voices
Makes the songs fly.
Come come, dear wind,
Carry the voice of my harp.
In the midst of mourners.
To the poor sad hearts,
So it can quiet the pain,
So it can extinguish the sorrow,
And lull to sleep the heartache.

11

Sealt Ju Mu Kullake

Esthonian Folksong

Sealt ju mu kullake paistab su maja
Kuulet kuis kutsub siit metsastx sind kaja
Oh minu linnuke, oh minu kullake, kuid et tule
jo, kuid et tule joo.

Näen ka seal majas su silmade sära
Nõidnut need silmad mu südame ära
Oh minu linnuke, oh minu kullake, kuid et tule
jo, kuid et tule jo.

Kadund on igawus, waatan su silma
Päikene lojas oh tule mu hõlma
Oh minu linnuke, oh minu kullake, kuid et
tule jo, etc.

There my golden love, your home is shimmer-
ing
Can you hear my song from the woods,
O, my little bird, oh my golden love, come
soon, come soon.

I see well in that house the beams of your eyes
Those eyes have bewitched me, oh my little
bird, etc.

My hear-ache will cease, when I look into
My heart-ache will cease, when I look into
The sun is setting, come in my arms, oh, my
little bird, etc.

MARIA MIELER NARODNY
and WILLIAM ONCKEN

12

Tule Mulle, Neitsikens
Esthonian Folksong

Tule mulle, tule mulle neitsikene,
Tule mulle, mul on küla, neitsikene,
Tule mu küla, tule mu kulla kaitsejaks,
Tule mu wara, tule mu wara wahtijaks.

Ole waita, ole waita noori meesi,
Kes su hulka, kes su hulka enne hoitis,
Kes su wara, kes su wara enne wahtis?

Tule ikka, tule ikka neitsikene,
Tule sisse tule sisse käokene,
Tule mu külla, tule mu külla kaitsejaks
Tule mu hõbe, tule mu hõbe hoidijaks.

Ole waita, ole waita peiukene, ole waita, ole
waita peiukene.
Kes su kulda, kes su kulda enne hoidis
Kes su hõbe enne hoidis, kes su hõbe enne
hoidis?

Tule ikka, tule mulle neitsikene,
Tule mu kallis käokene.
Tuhad seisub, tuhat seisab tüdernaissa,
Sada seisab, sada seisab salwetessa.

Oh sa pettis, oh sa pettis peiukene,
Kawalik sa, kawalik sa kaasakene,
Tuhk sul seisab, tuhk sul seisab tüdernaissa
Sawi seisab salwedessa, sawi seisab salwe-
dessa!

He:
Take me, little maid
Come be the guardian of my wealth
Come to watch my riches.

She:
Be quiet dear youth, be quiet.
Who has been the guardian of your wealth
before
Who has before watched your riches?

He:
Please, take me little maid
Come to me you little cuckoo,
Come to guard my gold
Come to watch my silver?

She:
Be quiet little youth
Who has before guarded your gold,
Who has watched your silver before?

He:
Take me please, little maid
Take me you little golden cuckoo
I have thousands in my barrels
I have hundreds in my bags.

She:
Oh you cheater, oh you fooler
Ashes, yes ashes are in your barrels,
Clay, yes clay is in your bags.

MARIA MIELER NARODNY
DEVORA NADVORNY
and WILLIAM ONCKEN

13

Kui Ma Olin Wäiksekene
Esthonian Folksong

Kuima olin wäiksekene, Allea allela.
Kaswasin mannikene, allea allela.
Ema wiis hälli heinamaale, allea alea,
Kandis kiigu kesa pääle, allea allea.

Pani kä kiigutama, allea alela.
Suwi linnu ligutama, alea alela.
Sääl siis kägu palju kukkus alea allea.
Suwi lindu liialt laulis elea, allea.
Mina meelta mötelema, allea, alela.
Mötelema, wötelema, allea, alela.
Kõik ma panin paberisse, allea, alea.
Raisusin kõik raamatusse, Alea, alea.

When I was little, when I grew as a little
flower, allea, allea.
My mother carried the cradle to the meadow,
allea.
She brought the cradle to the lane, allea.
She bade the cuckoo to rock me and the sum-
mer-bird to swing my cradle.
There the cuckoo sang much to me
Too much sang the summer-bird, allea, allea.
My mind began to move, my mind began to
receive, allea, allea.
I put everything down on paper now,
I hammered all in a book, allea, allea.

Lithuanian

In some respects, the Lithuanian language is one of the most ancient of all the existing languages of the Indo-Germanic group, and this people can boast of a rich and varied folk-poetry. The Lithuanians, together with the Letts and the Prussians form a closely related linguistic group occupying the territory along the shore of the Baltic.

MARIA MIELER NARODNY

14

Prirodino Seni Zmones

Lithuanian Folksong

Prirodino seni zmones
Man jaunai berneli, O, tai.

Zila barzda, stati usai,
Ner kur jo padeti.

As paguldziau ji ji uz peciaus,
Kad blusos kapotu,
Jis miegojo visa nakti,
Nei viena nekando.

Ir suva ne kastu.
Senas bernas kaip kempine,

Old people ordered
Me, a young boy.

He had grey beard, white whiskers
I could nowhere put him.

I put him behind the oven
That the fleas should eat him.
He slept the whole night
And none of them bit him.

The old man was like a piece of wood
Whom even the dogs did not bite.

15

Kur tas saltinelis

Lithuanian Folksong

Kur tas saltinelis
Kur as jaunas geriau?
Kur toj mano merguzele,
Katra as mylejau.

Katra as milejau,
Sirdelej turejau,—
Kas naktxele per sapneli,
Zodeli kalbejau.

Jau tas saltinelis,
Zolele uzaugo,
Jau toj' mano merguzele,
Uz kito isejo.

Where is the spring
When I was drunk with youth?
Where is my little girl
Whom I once loved?

Whom I loved
And kept in my heart
And every night
Whispered to her in my dreams.

This spring is already
Overgrown with grass
Evidently my love
Married another man.

Finnish

MARIA MIELER NARODNY

16

Tuulan Tei

Finnish Folksong

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Emme erkane konsana ei
Mesimarjani pulmuni pääskyni mun
Paras aarteni oot sina mun mina sun
Mitä toivoisin mina muuta?

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Oma onni se yhtehen vei,
Ja tulkohot hallat ja harmit ja muut,
Ilo huoleton meillä on naurussa suut,
Ja kirkana päivä ja ilta.

Finnish Folksong.

We never more shall part,—
My Blossom sweet, my lovely girl, my treasure!

You've given me your heart,
And would I seek for further pleasure?

Should rude storms oppress us
Here will I safely guard your nest,
Our life shall still be joyous,
Morn and even graciously are blest!

17

Rannalla istuja

Finnish Folksong

Yksin istun ja lauleskelen,
Aikan' on niin ikäva,
Vesi seisoo ja linnut laulaa
Eikä tuulkaan vedätä.

Oisko pursi ja punapurjeet,
Joilla mennä merten taa,
Tuolta tuottaisin sulholleni,
Ko'on kultaa ja hopeaa.

Sitten kutoa helskyttäisin
Papin paitakangasta,
Kihlasormus se kiilteleisi,
Voi mua hullua neitoa!

Kihlasormus on saamattani,
Kaukana on sulhoni;
Nähty en ole silmiänsä,
Nähnenkö eläessäni!

Alone I sit, by the sea
And time travels wearily;
The birdling sings at will
The waves of the sea are still.

Had I a boat and a sail,
I would sail over the sea
And bear to my lover much silver and gold
Which fortune would bring to me.

My wedding-robe I shall weave,
And sing while I sit and spin,
(See, how my golden ring shines in the sun!)
What a foolish girl I have been!

For I have no golden ring,
My lover sails far on the sea,—
In fact, I have never seen him at all,
I never shall, may be!

MARIE MIELER-NARODNY, DEVORA NADVORNY
WILLIAM ONCKEN

18

Kullan Ylistys

Minun kultani kaunis on,
Vaikk'on kaitaluinen,
Kellan pää pähkinä
Vaikk'on väärällänsä.

Tukka tumman ruskea,
Vaikk'on tappurainen
Siniset silmät sillä on
Vaikk'on kieronlaiset.

Suu on silla supukka
Vaikk'on toista syltä.
En minä häntä hämmästy
Vaikk'on pieni poika.

Kohta tulee toinen vuos'
Vaikka hiljalleenkin
Toinen kulta katsotaan
Toinen ja somempi.

Kultani Kukkuu Kaukana.

Far Away on the Shore.

Kultani kukuu, kaukana kukkuu,
Saimaan rannalla ruikuttaa,
Ei ole ruuhta rannalla,
Joka mium kultani kannattaa.
Tuuli on tuima ja ankarat aallot,
Ruuhet on rannalla pienoiset;
Ruuhet on rannalla pienoiset,
Kultani sormet on hienoiset.
Elä lähe kultani aaltojen valtaan
Aallot ne pian sinun pettäisi.
Sitte ei suru mua heittäisi,
Ennen kun multaki peittäisi.

Far away on the shore of "Saimaan"
My beloved sits mourning
There is no raft on the shore
That could bring my beloved to me.
The wind is strong
And the waves are high
The oars on the shore are small
And my beloved's fingers are delicate.
My darling don't start out on the waves
They soon will deceive you
Then sorrow will not leave me
Until the ground will cover me.

20

Nuoren tyton laulu ja tanssi.

A young girl's dance and song.

:|: Raatikoon, raatikoon, vanhat piiat pan-
ann, :|:
:|: Tuonn', tuonn', kyöpelin vuoren taa,
Ett' ei noita ett' ei noita
Pojat naia saa :|:

In a box, in a box
Old maids are going to be put,
Far away, far away
Back of Kyöpelin mountain
Lest the young men marry them.

"Itkuani en mä pitää voi."

I cannot stop my tears.

Itkuani en mä pitää voi,
Silla murhe on mun myötäin,
Kun ei kukaan minua nai,
Ykin aikani vietän.

I cannot stop my tears;
Sorrow is my companion,
Because nobody wishes to marry me,
I am spending my time alone.

MARIA MIELER NARODNY

21

Suomen Salossa

Finnish Folksong

Honkaen keskellä mökkini seiso,
Suomeni soreassa salossa,
Honkaen vöelilta siintäva selkä
Vilkuvi koitehen valossa.
Hoi laari, laari laa, Hoi laari, laari laa.
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Far in the forest my cabin is standing
Cosily nestling 'mid fust'ring pines.
Blue twixt their branches
The inlet expanding changes
Its hues when the red morn shines
Hoi laari, laari laa.
Carols my jubilant Suomiland.

Kaukana korvessa käkonen kukkuu
Sulhonsa shloutta yliseää.
Paimenten soitanto laitomen tieltä
Ääntänsä korvieni vilistää
Hoi laari, laari laa.
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Deep in the woodland
The cuckoo is calling
Mellow but urgent his unfledged brood
Notes from the home
In their rising and falling
Flood from the valley and stir my mood,
Hoi laari, laari laa.
Gaily we carol on Suomi strand.

Omanpa henkeni kieltä ne puhuu,
Honkaen humina, luonto muu.
Itse en sydäntöe hillitä taida,
Riemusta soikohon raikas suu.
Hoi laari, laari laa.
Kaikuu muu suloinen Suomeni maa!

Pines in their whispers
And birds in their singing
Borrow their ardor from my own breast.
Vainly I sigh, for anon there comes ringing
Cries of rejoicing with newborn zest
Hoi laari, laari laa.
Hail to thee Suomi with heart and hand.

Summer Evening.

Old Finnish Folk-Song

English version by Jane and Deems Taylor
and K. S.

Harmonised by Selim Palmgren.

Edited by Kurt Schindler.

The golden sun was sinking
Behind the hills of blue;
'Twas there I met a maiden—
To her my heart is true.

Forgotten songs she sang me,
And played on her harp of gold.
My heart was mine no longer
I gave it to her to hold.

My sweetheart is beautiful
Although too thin
Her head is like the nut
Although it is not set straight.

Her hair is dark golden
Although it is coarse like rope
Her eyes are blue
Although she is cross equal.

Esthonian

MARIA MIELER NARODNY

23

Karjase Laul

Esthonian Folksong

Arranged by Hans Schmidt.

See oli æösel ajal jalg metsa teed mull köis.
Meel mõlkus wöeral rajal, mull kodu kitsas
noeis.

Seal kuulsin õhtu wilust üht öitse laulu ilust
Mis laulis karjane, seal öitsel waikseste:

"Oh kodumaa sa armas maa sust kallimat ei
leieta

Mu süda tuksub ainult sull ei muud ei tule
meelde mul

Ehk oleks maid weel rikkamaid ei ilmaski
küll armsamaid

Sests olgu soo ja raba sa, sa siisgi minu kod-
umma, sa siisgi minu kodumaa,
Kodumaa!

Ei wõinut min usku ta laulu koguni
Ei wõita meele tusku ja läksin wöersile

Nüüd kaugel mul nii hale

Nüüd ihkan kodumaale

Nüüd meeles alati

See öitse lauluke:

Oh kodumaa sa armas maa sust kallimat ei
leieta

Mu süda tuksub ainult sul, ei muud ei tule
meelde mul,

Ehk oleks maid weel rikkamaid ei ilmaski
küll armsamaid

Sests olgu soo ja raba sa, sa siisgi minu kod-
umaa, kodumaa!

On nightly wandering in the forest
My mind was wandering in foreign lands.
There I heard through the dawn a shepherd
sing:

"O, native land, beloved one, there is nothing
dearer to be found.

"My heart beats for you alone, nothing else
is in my soul.

"If there are richer lands there are nowhere
dearer ones.

"May you be only swamps and marches, you
are my dear native land."

I could not believe the shepherd's song
And wandered away to foreign countries.

Now, faraway, so heavy is my heart.

I long to be back in my native land.

The shepherd song never leaves my heart:

"O, native land, though beloved one," etc., etc.

Tuljak

Estonian Dance Song

Terwe Wald on kokku aetud,
 Kihelkond kokku kutsutud,
 Külalisi igat seltsi,
 Möisaherra prouagagi palutud!
 Tõnni parajam peiu, kosin'd Mannikese en-
 dale;

Manni nobedam neiu, läheb Tõnnile mehele.
 Wennad, weeretage Wiru waltsi
 Meie tahaks minna tantsima,
 Tublist helistage Tuljaku tantsi,
 See paneb were kihama.

The whole countryside has been called to-
 gether

There are guests of every kind,
 Even the landlord and his lady are invited.
 Tõnni, the best of youths has chosen dear
 Manni.

Manni, the lovely maiden has accepted Tõnni.
 Brethen, musicians, let's glide the Viru Valse
 We want to go and dance vigorously.
 Let sound the Tuljak Dance, that makes the
 blood to boil.

Tõnni, the best of youths has chosen Manni-
 kene.

Manni, Manni, the lovely maiden is wedded
 to Tõnni.

COOPER UNION FORUM

Program for the Week

Friday evening,

"What shall we do with our principles?"

Everett Dean Martin.

Sunday evening,

Labor and the Peace Congress.

Dr. Harry F. Ward.

School of Philosophy

Lectures held in the Stuyvesant Neighborhood House.

Thursday evening,

The World's Thoughts and Its Growing Pains.

Mr. Andre Tridon.

Saturday evening,

Humanism: How Free Men Think.

Everett Dean Martin.

Monday evening,

Biology and Evolution.

Dr. Marchand.

TUESDAY EVENING, beginning April 1st, there will be a course of lectures on
 "The Economic Antecedents of Civilization" given by Dr. Lindley M. Keasbey, form-
 erly Prof. of Bryn Mawr, and form. Prof. of the Universities of Colorado and Texas.

GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE

PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

Twelfth Evening
Tuesday, April 8,
Songs from the Alps
in Swiss and Austrian
Dialects

Artists: Olga von Türck-Rohn, Soprano; Hertha von Türck, Soprano, Max Bloch, Tenor; William Oncken, Baritone; Reinhold Warlich, Baritone; Max Merz, Piano.

Thirteenth Evening Tuesday, April 15, Bulgarian, Roumanian, Hungarian, Macedonian, Greeke, Hebrew.

The program book containing texts and other information may be obtained a few days before each concert at The People's Institute. A subscription of \$3.00, sent in with the attached slip, will secure prompt delivery of the entire set of program books upon issuance. Address all communilations to The Department of Folk Lore, of the People's Institute, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Fsiesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavii): 1. East Slavir: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatie, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Eshonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Thrkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I. Tuesday,	January 21Early French Provençale
	II. " "	January 28Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III. " "	February 4	...Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV. " "	February 11English
	V. " "	February 18Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI. " "	February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII. " "	March 4Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII. " "	March 11Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN	" "	March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finland
	IX. " "	March 25Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	X. " "	April 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finland, Hungarian
	XI. " "	April 8 Song from the Alps in Swiss and Austrian Dialects
	XII. " "	April 15German
DIVERSE RACES	XIV. " "	April 22Balcan, Hebrew
NORTH AMERICAN	XV. " "	April 29America

The Alps: Their Characteristics and Population

The Alps are the most important mountain range of Europe. They are divided into two parts; the Western Alps which describe a curve extending from the northwestern coast of the Adriatic to the line formed by Lake Constance and Lake Maggiore, and the Eastern Alps extending somewhat obliquely from this line to the western frontier of Hungary. It would be manifestly impossible to attempt here any discussion of their geological formation, but the following brief description will suffice to indicate the chief characteristics of their outward aspect.

These mountains are unlike the customary mountain chains" being composed of single groups, which in turn are joined together by saddle-formed elevations and narrow ridges.

Mont Blanc, the highest peak measures 15, 782 feet; there are 499 peaks of more than 10,000 feet, their sides deeply furrowed, jagged, indented, with precipitous, often perpendicular sides, intersected by deep gorges. Wild and bizarre forms; miles and miles of glaciers and snowfields in white blue and green; long walls of rocks, glowing in violet, brown, white, yellow, red, gray, rose and black; sunny deserts of stone, green pastures, thundering avalanches, dark patches of firs, lovely Alpine lakes with blue, green and black waters; turbulent waterfalls (the highest of which is over 1,000 feet) rushing, foaming rivers and mountain brooks; cool, green valleys, fragrant with the scent of the pine forests and the flower-strewn meadows in the summer time and covered with a deep mantle of snow in winter. These are their characteristics.

The southern and western parts of the Western Alps are Italian and French in their population, while the northern and eastern parts are German. The inhabitants of the most southern parts of the Eastern Alps are partly Italian and partly German, while Slav races have settled in the southeastern parts.

There is an astonishing diversity and richness in the Alpine dialects especially in the more specifically German districts. These dialects differ from valley to valley and the wealth of poetic expression is a commentary on the possibilities of linguistic differentiation. The inhabitants of the Alps are characterized by ardent love of home and country, tenacious loyalty to old forms and customs, by a lively fantasy, natural exuberance and humor. They have a natural gift for music and the attention paid to music in the Catholic ritual has been the means of developing these instinctive tastes. Part-singing comes quite naturally to the inhabitants of the German Alps, and their melodic invention seems to be fairly inexhaustible, despite the fact that their harmonic progressions are limited to the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant. No less plastic than the linguistic expression is the musical elasticity of the folk-songs of these regions.

M. M.

P r o g r a m

No. 1 and 2 are from "Chansons des Alps française," by Julien Tiersot.

No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, are from the collection of Swiss Folksongs "Röseligarten."

No. 3, 18, 19, 20, are from the collection of German Folksongs, "Der Zupfgeigenhansel."

No. 15, 16, are from the collection of "Oberösterreichische Volkslieder", arranged by Josef Reiter.

Quartett No. 21 and 22 arranged by Max Merz.

Two folksongs of the Alps of France.

Songs of the French and Italian Alps have also been sung in Program No. 1, 2, 3 and 8.

OLGA von TUERCK-ROHN

1

Chanson de Mai

Song of May

From the Alps of France.

Voici le joli mois de Mai,
Qui est si joli et si gai,
Que toutes des fleurs,
Prennent leur couleur
Mon aimable cœur,
Belle, prenez-moi votre serviteur.

Vous autres filles, qui dormez,
Nous vous prions de vous lever,
Nous vous apportons
La collation
Au son du violon,
Voici la vie que les garçons font.

The lovely month of May is here,
A time so lovely, a time so gay,
As choose the flowers,
Their colors each,
O take my heart
And make it thine, o sweet.

O maidens fair, list to our prayer,
From sleep, arise ye now,
To thee we bring
An offering
Upon our violins,
This is the life we lead.

In rhythm and general style, this chanson closely resembles one of the oldest of the French "Chansons populaires" called "Rossignol du bois joli".

2

Jeanneton, Ma Mie

From the Alps of France.

Véni, ve' lou rion, te dirai qui siou.
 Véni ve' lou rion, Janeton ma mio,
 Varon pa ana, ve' lou rion touto soureto
 Varon pa ana, sue lou mi on lei y pas.

Viens vers le ruisseau
 Jeanneton, ma mie,
 Viens vers le ruisseau,
 Je te dirai qui je suis.

Je ne veux pas aller
 Vers le ruisseau toute seulette,
 Je ne veux pas aller
 Quand le mien n'y est pas.

Come to the fountain,
 Jeanneton, my love,
 Come to the fountain,
 I will tell you who I am.

I do not wish to go,
 Alone to the fountain
 I do not wish to go
 Except with someone that I know.

This is an old Rigaudon, a dance still very popular in that part of France lying south of the Dauphiné. It is of genuine southern verve and is executed with the greatest energy on the part of the dancers. The air of the Rigaudon is always accompanied by a text in the patois of the district; this text is of a sarcastic, often malicious character, and has a distinctly local flavor, as a consequence of which the Rigaudon is one of the most picturesque and characteristic of all the popular chansons to be heard in the French Alps.

REINHOLD WARLICH

3

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

After Foerster, (1539.)

Innsbruck, ich muß dich lassen,
 Ich fahr dahin mein Straßen
 In fremde Land dahin.
 Mein Freud ist mir genommen,
 Die ich nit weiß bekommen,
 Wo ich im Elend bin.

Groß Leid muß ich jetzt tragen,
 Das ich allein zu klagen,
 Dem lieben Buhlen mein.
 Ach Lieb, nun laß mich Armen
 Im Herzen dein erbarmen
 Daß ich muß dannen sein.

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben
 Dein tu ich ewig bleiben
 Statt, treu, der Ehren frumm.
 Muß dich Gott bewahren,
 In aller Tugend sparen
 Bis daß ich wiederkumm.

Dear Innsbruck, I must leave you,
 And fare forth on my lonely way
 Into a foreign land.
 My joy it now has left me,
 I know no more to find it
 So heavy is my heart.

Great sorrows now oppress me,
 And I can only tell them
 To one who loves me dear.
 Ah love, have now compassion
 Take pity on my grief,
 For now I must depart.

Tho' women all would comfort me,
 To thee I'll e'er be true,
 And keep my honor bright.
 And now may God preserve you
 In every virtue keep you
 Until I come again.

C. V. K.

The text and melody of this deeply serious song are found in Forster's "Frische Liedlein" from the year 1539.

Heinrich Isaak, court conductor of Emperor Maximilian, who died about 1518, is mentioned as the arranger of the melody, but it is more than probable that the melody was also of his invention. Some authorities are inclined to describe the authorship of the text to Emperor Maximilian himself, who always displayed a particular fondness for Innsbruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol. In any case the song dates from the end of the fifteenth century. Johann Sebastian Bach, is reported to have said: that to have had the honor of writing this one melody, he would gladly forfeited his greatest work.

4

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz

In Strassburg on the Ramparts

Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz,
Da fängt mein Unglück an.
Ich hab wollen meinem Herrn desertier'n
Und hab wollen einem andern dien'n.
Es geht mir nicht an.

Ein halb Stund in der Nacht
Da man mich gefangen bracht,
Man führt' mich wohl fürs Hauptmann Haus.
Ach Gott, wie kommt es raus.
Mit mir ist es aus.

Am Morgen um acht Uhr
Stellt man mich dem Regiment vor.
Hab ich wollen bitten um Pardon;
Weil ich's nicht erhalten kann.
Muß sterben schon.

O mein Heiland, erbarme dich meiner.
Nimm meine Seel zu dir.
Und wenn sie kommt vor dein Gericht
O dann, mein Gott, verwirf sie nicht.
Nimm mich zu dir.

This is the story of a Swiss soldier, who had entered the French army as a mercenary and been sent to guard the ramparts at Strassburg. Like all mountaineers, his heart was thirsting for a sight of his beloved land, and he attempts desertion. He is caught and brought before a court martial and sentenced to be shot the next morning at eight o'clock. His offense can not be pardoned, and he commits his soul to God, asking to be forgiven for his sin, if it be that he is guilty.

In the popular version of this story, it is the sound of the Alpine herdsmen air which filled his soul with a longing for home, and this motive has been amplified into a well-known opera ("Die Kuhreigen") by Wilhelm Kienzl, a German composer.

On the ramparts at Strassburg, my misfortune began; I tried to desert my master and enter into the service of another. It is nothing to me.

In the middle of the night, they brought me a prisoner to the Captain's house. Ah, God! how will it end. All is over with me!

At eight o'clock in the morning, I was stood up before the regiment; I tried to beg for pardon, but this was refused me and now nothing remains for me but to die.

O my Saviour, have mercy upon me; take my soul into Thy keeping! And when I stand at the bar on the Judgment Day, O God, cast me not away!

5

Frisch auf, Soldatenblut

Swiss Rosegarden

Swiss Folksong.

Frisch auf, Soldatenblut,
Faßt einen frischen Mut.
Und läßt euch nicht erschüttern
Wann schon Kanonen zittern.
Schlaget nur tapfer drein,
Ich will der erste sein.

Die Trommel rühret sich,
Ihr Klang ist fürchterlich.
Man sieht fast keinen Boden
Vor Sterbenden und Toten.
Hier liegt ein Fuß, ein Arm,
O, daß es Gott erbarm.

Wie manche junge Braut,
Die weinet überlaut.
Den sie so treu geliebet,
Ist in der Schlacht geblieben.
Sein Lauf ist nun vollbracht.
O Schatzeli, gute Nacht!

Cheer up, brave soldiers and be of good courage; be not dismayed by the roar of the guns, but plunge into the thick of the fight. I will be the first to go.

The drums begin to beat, the noise is terrifying. One scarcely sees the ground for the dying and the dead. Here lies a foot, here lies an arm; O Good, have mercy upon them.

Many a youthful bride, mourns and weeps aloud. For the one to whom she has been faithful, has fallen in the fight and his life has gone out in the darkness. O sweetheart, good night

Der Söldner

The Mercenary

Swiss Folksong.

Ich bin ein jung Soldat
 Von einundzwanzig Jahren
 Geboren in der Schweiz
 Das ist mein Heimatland.

Den Doktor holt geschwind
 Der mir zu Ader lasse.
 Meine Lebenszeit ist aus,
 Ich muß ins Totenhaus.

Mit Trommel und Pfeifenspiel,
 So sollt ihr mich begraben.
 Drei Schütz ins stille Grab
 Die ich verdienet habe.

"I am a young soldier of one and twenty years; my native land is Switzerland, there was I born and bred. Go fetch the doctor quickly, my life's blood is ebbing fast, my life is almost ended and I now go to my grave. Pray bury me to the sound of fife and drum, and fire three salutes over my grave, for these I have surely deserved."

This is another of the songs of the eighteenth century recalling the time when it was the custom of princes and rulers, to hire their soldiery to foreign masters. The famous Swiss Guard of the Vatican, familiar to all travellers in Europe, is a tradition remaining from this custom.

Nos. 7, 8, and 9, with their incomparable poetical and musical beauty, are striking examples of the deep soul life to be found in the Christmas songs of the Austrian and Bavarian Alps. These and similar songs, many of which are written in the well-known "Ländler" rhythm, are full of humor and are sung by the peasant at Christmas time both in the church and in the home.

MAX BLOCH

7

"Was eppa mehr muass g'schecha sei."

From Eisenärzt.

Was eppa mehr muaß g'schecha sei
 Heit z' Nacht?
 "Ha g'moat, i hör an Engel schrei"
 Ham's g'sagt.
 "Singt 's Gloria in excelsis
 So fei;
 Sagt, daß da Fried den Menschen is,
 Die guates Willens sein."

Wir grüßen Dich, o kleines Kind
 Im Stall.
 Hast uns erlöst von Adam's Sünd
 Einmal.
 Wir danken dir und bitten dich
 Zugleich
 Ach nimm doch unser Opfer an
 Und schenk uns alln dein Reich.

O Bethlehem, o Fürstentum!
 Wie blind!
 Mei hæst denn g'håbt koã lære Stubn
 Für's Kind?
 Muass liegn auf blossen Stroh und Heu
 Im Stall;
 Ist kommen von dem Himmelreich
 Und hat erlöst uns all.

Something strange must have taken place,
 During the night;
 "I thought I heard an angel sing",
 So they said.
 "Singing Gloria in Excelsis
 So fine:
 Said, "Peace to all mankind
 Be of good cheer".

We salute Thee, o little child,
 In the manger;
 Thou hast redeemed us from Adam's sin
 Once for all.
 We thank Thee and we ask of Thee
 One thing more
 Accept our humble offering
 And receive us all into the kingdom of Heaven.

O Bethlehem, O Princely House!
 How blind!
 Ah woe! Hast thou then no empty room
 For the Child?
 Must it then be bedded on hay and straw,
 In a manger?
 He, who came down from Heaven
 To redeem the world!

C. V. K.

Still, O Erden; still, O Himmel

From Reichenhall.

Still, O Erden, still, O Himmel.
Euer Gott liegt in der Ruh.
Still, o Meer, mit deinem Getümmel.
Schließe deine Schranken zu.
Er ist wie ein Hirsch geloffen —
Wird vom Pfeil der Lieb getroffen:
Ei da liegt er jetzt ganz matt
Auf der harten Liegerstatt.

Hast vielleicht, o herziges Kindlein,
Ein Liebstrunk genommen ein,
Daß du auf dem harten Kripplein
Hast so bald geschlafen ein?
Freilich ist der kalte Winter
Sonst ein Feind der zarten Kinder;
Aber dir die Kalt nit schadt,
Weil dein Herz gebronnen hat.

Be still, o earth, be still, o Heaven!
Thy God now rests his weary limbs.
Be still, o sea, and cease thy turmoil,
Recall thy waters into their bounds!
Like a stag, he's weary from the chase,
Love's arrow has pierced his heart,
Upon his hard resting place,
He now lies weary and exhausted.

Has thou, perhaps, O tender Child,
Quaffed of love's sweet potion
That Thou so sweetly sleepest
Upon thy bed so hard?
Winter's cold is never friendly,
To tender, little children
But Thou needst not fear the cold
For Thy heart is burning with love divine!

OLGA von TUERCK-ROHN, HERTHA von TUERCK
MAX BLOCH and REINHOLD WARLICH

Still, still

Folksong from Salzburg (1819.)

Still, still, still, weils Kindlein schlafen will.
Maria tuat es neidersingen,
Ihre keusche Brust darbringen.
Still, still, still, weils Kindlein schlafen will.

Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, mein liabes Kindlein
schlaf.
Die Engel tuan schön musizieren,
Bei dem Kindlein jubelieren.
Schlaf, schlaf, schlaf, mein liabes Kindlein
schlaf.

Hush, hush, hush, the little Child is sleeping
Maria presses it close to her breast
Crooning the while a lullaby
Hush, hush, hush, the little child sleeps.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, my dearest baby sleeps,
And o'er his head, the angels sing
The sweetest strains that e'er were heard,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, the little Christ-Child sleeps.

Three Songs in Swiss Dialect

WILLIAM ONCKEN

10

Lueget vo Bergen und Tal

See, the Hills and Valleys!

Swiss Folk-Song.

Lueget, vo Bergen und Tal
Fliecht scho der Sunnetstrahl!
Luegen auf Auen und Matte
Wachse die dunkele Schatte;
D'Sunn uf de Berge no stoht.
O, wie si d' Gletscher so rot!

Still a de Berge wird's Nacht,
Aber der Herrgott dä wacht
Gseht-er sälb Sternli dört schine?
Sternli, wie bisch du so frine!
Gseht-er am Nebel dört stoht's.
Sternli, Gott grüß di, wie goht's?

Loset, es seît is "Gar guet.
Het mi nit Gott i der Huet?
Frili, der Vater von alle
Loht mi gwüß währli nit falle.
Vater im Himmel, dä wacht."
Sternli, liebs Sternli, guet Nacht!

See, where on hill and vale,
The last rays are shining,
See, there on meadow and field
The dark shadows creeping.
On the mountain top, the sun's still shining
O see, the glacier's red glow.

Night hovers o'er the mountain top,
Where the dear God His watch doth keep,
See, how the stars do shine,
Little stars, how beautiful you are.
God greet you, little stars,
Tell me, is all well with you?

And the little stars said: "All is well.
Does not God have us in His care?
Surely the Father of all,
Will see that we do not fall.
God in His heavens watches,"
Goodnight, dear stars, goodnight.

C. V. K.

11

"Niene geit's so schön u lustig wie daheim."

Swiss Folksong.

Niene geit's so schön u lustig
Wie daheim im Aemmetal,
Dert ist allergatiif Rustig
Daß eim schwär wird die Uswahl:
Manne het es ehrefesti,
Wiber brav u hübscher Art,
Meitsch: — we d'se gseht so heft di
Dri verliebt — so schön u zart.

Da ist nüt vo Kumplimänte,
Allem seit me neme "Du",
Sig's der Milchbueb mit der Bränte
Oder trag er Ratsherr-Schueh;
D' Städter frili cheu's nit lide,
Bsunders — Herre ohne Gald.
Doch i mein. dä sig nit gschide,
Wo si fur so Sache quält.

Doch kei Hauptsach ist der Wi:
Milch u Chäs ist üsereiner
Ordinäri längste gsi;
Wär si nit so dri will schicke,
Cha, wenn är's grad sauft vermah
Vo de Wätsche Wi la bschicke
Oder cha i's Wirtshus gah.

No-one leads a jollier life, than the people
of Emmenthal; everyone there is so jolly and
gay, that life passes by like a song.

Fine fellows there are in the Emmenthal, and
the women are pretty and good; no sooner does
a fair maiden pass by than a man's head over
ears in love.

There we don't deal in compliments, but say
to all alike: "Thou"; whether it be to the milk-
man, or the councilman so grave.

The city people do not like this, especially
the gentlemen without money; but after all, it
is stupid to vex one's brains about such matters.

Grapevines do not grow in Emmenthal, but
wine is not the chief thing in life; milk and
cheese are our favorite food, and of this we
have a-plenty.

He who is not pleased with this arrangement,
and wishes to get good and drunk, can either
order Italian wine, or betake himself to the
tavern.

Vo Luzern uf Wägis zue

Lake Constance.

Vo Luzern uf Wägis zue —
 (Jodler)
 Brucht me weder Strumpf noch Schueh.
 (Jodler)

Fahr im Schiffli übern See,
 Um die schönen Maidli z seh.

“Hänsli, trink mer nit zu viel,
 's Galdi mueß verdienet si”.

On the way from Lucerne to Weggis,
 One needs neither stockings nor shoes.

We row in a little boat over the lake
 To see the pretty maidens.

Johnny, I warn you, don't drink too much
 For the money is hard to earn.”

HERTHA von TUERCK

Traurigkeit

Sadness

Swiss Folk-Song.

Warum bist du so traurig!
 Und reds't kein Wort mit mir?

Ich seh' es deinen Aeugelen an
 Daß du geweinet hast.

Wo sich zwei Verliebte scheiden
 Da wächst nicht Laub noch Gras.

Laub und Gras, das mag verwelken,
 Doch treue Liebe nicht.

Why art thou so sad today, my love,
 And speakest no word to me?

I look in your eyes and know full well
 That they have been wet with tears.

On the spot where true lovers have parted,
 There grows neither shrubs nor grass.

Grass and shrubs, they may wither,
 But true love lives forever.

Songs from the Austrian Alps

Die Nachtigall

The Nightingale

Austrian Folk-Song.

O du schöne, süasse Nachtigall,
 Kumm zu mir und schlag a mal.
 Kumm zu mir und schlag recht schön.
 Nacher kannst du gehen.
 Hodl, diriri, etc.

O du schöne süasse Nachtigall,
 Kumm zu mir und schlag a mal. —
 Schlag bei der grean Haselstraud,
 Nacher hör i's laut.
 Hodl, diriri, etc.

O thou lovely, lovely bird
 Come and sing to me;
 Come to me and sing your sweetest,
 And then you may fly away,
 Hodl diriri, etc.

O thou lovely, lovely bird,
 Come and sing to me;
 Sing in the corner by the green hazel-bush
 And then I shall hear you clearly.
 Hodl diriri, etc.

These two songs come from that part of Upper Austria lying south of the Danube.

**OLGA von TUERCK-ROHN, Hertha von TUERCK,
MAX BLOCH, WILLIAM ONCKEN and
REINHOLD WARLICH**

15

Hindernisse

Obstacles

Upper Austrian Folk-Song.

War's Diernderl so nâ hat,
Und do muass i's g'râth'n,
Denn i müasset zu'n ihr duri's
Wâssa wât'n.
Tra-la-la, etc.
Wollt's s' Wâssa gern wâten,
Wan's nöd so tief war,
Und wollt's Diernderl gern g'râthen
Wan's nöd so lieb war.

Wia mehr Sterndeln leuchten
Wia heller is d' Nâcht
Und i hân auf mein Diernderl
A weng an Verdâcht.
Tra-la-la, etc.
Dort drunten in'n Weiha
Thant d' Anteln scherz'n
Wo kein Eifersucht is'
Geht koan Liab von Herz'n.

Tho' my sweetheart is so near,
Yet I can not go to her
For the water is between us
And the crossing would be hard.

I would gladly brave the water,
Were it ever so deep
And my love I could renounce
Were she not so dear to me.

How the little stars shine
How clear is the night,
But about my dear sweetheart,
I have my grave doubts.

Over there in the duck-pond,
The little ducks play
Where there is no jealousy,
There is no true love.

In this song we find a faint echo of the famous ballad of "The Two King's-Children" which is met with in every land in countless variants.

16

Schmerz und Trost

Pain and Consolation

Upper Austria.

Da drob'n auf'n Bergerl
Is an Ackerl voll Ruab'n
Und da sitzt a schön's Diernderl
Und woant um ihr'n Buab'n.

Du derfst di nod kränken,
Du derfst ja nöd woan,
Und a so a schön's Diernderl
Findt allemal oan.

Up there on the mountain, there is a field of
turnips,
And there sits a young girl and mourns for her
lover.

You must not be grieved and you must not weep
so,
For a girl young and pretty, will always find
some-one.

Der Hore

Jodler from the Styrian Alps

This "Jodler" from the Steiermark really belongs in the category of "Workmen's Songs". It is sung high up in the mountains by the peasants employed in cutting the grass from the mountain pastures. The two syllables "Ho-Re" form a rhythmical accompaniment to the forward and backward movement of the scythe. Alternating between the tonic and dominant, these two syllables form a harmonic background for the "Jodel" sung by the women, which enters after four measures.

While on his summer vacations in the "Steiermark," Karl Liebleitner, director of one of the Vienna public schools, took down this "Jodler" together with many others, from the inhabitants of the Styrian Alps and later these songs or "mountain calls" were published by the Vienna Choral Union of which he was the leader.

Three Songs from the Bavarian Alps

18

Z' Lauterbach hab i mein Strumpf verlorn

Ländler from Upper Bavaria.

Z' Lauterbach hab i mein Strumpf verlorn,
Ohne Strumpf geh i not hoam,
Jetzt gehn i halt wieder auf Lauterbach,
Hol mir an Strumpf zu dem oan.

I lost my sock in Lauterbach,
Without my sock I can not go home,
I must go back to Lauterbach
And fetch me another to make a pair.

Z' Lauterbach hab i mein Herz verlorn,
Ohne Herz kann i net lebn.
Da muß i halt wieder auf Lauterbach
S Diandl solls seini mir gebn.

I lost my heart in Lauterbach
Without a heart I can not live.
I must go back to Lauterbach,
My sweetheart must give me hers.

Wenn i ins Zillertal eini geh
Ziehn i mei Pluderhosen an.
Wenn i mein Diandl in d' Kirchen seh,
Schaun i kein Heiligen an.

When I go to the Zillertal,
I wear my Sunday clothes,
When I see my sweetheart in the church
I think not at all of the saints.

Alliweil kann man net lusti sein,
Alliweil kann man net woan.
Das eini Mal gehn i zum Deandl aus,
Das andre Mal bleib i daheim.

One can not be jolly all the time,
One can not always weep.
One day I go to my own true love
And the next day I stay at home.

19

Tanz rüber, tanz nüber

Old Bavarian Dance.

Tanz rüber, tanz nüber,
Tanz nauf und tanz no.
Ei, leih mir dei Schotzla,
Dos mei is nit da.
I leih dir sche nit,
I ga dir sche nit,
Kaa saura Schmarutzer,
Den brauch ich jo nit.

Und wenn du sau stolz
Mit deem Schotzla willst sei,
So nimm a Papierla,
Und wikkels enei.
Un nimm a roats Bandel
Un strick se fest zu,
Nachert kimmt dirsche ka
Saua Schmarutzer derzu.

This is a dance song from the Bavarian Alps in which one boy begs the loan of another's sweetheart, as his own is not there.

As Deandl mitn rotn Miada

Upper Bavarian Folk-Dance.

As Deandl mitn rote Miada,
 Dos is ma die Allaliaba.
 Was sollts ma not liaba sei,
 Bal i kimm, laßts mi nei.
 's Diandl mitn rote Miada,
 Dos is ma die Allaliaba.

Und Nagerl und Rosmarin,
 Schöns Deandl, jetz gehn i dahi.
 Geh zua da hintern Tür,
 Ist a kloans Riagerl für,
 's Rigerl hebst halt aus
 Liabs Büaberl, geh eina ins Haus.

Und wenn i vom Deandl weggeh
 Dann schwing i mei Huatl auf d Heh.
 Nagerl und Rosmarin, Deandl jatz gehts dahi.
 Allerliabstes Deandl adje!
 Leicht, daß i di nimma mehr seh.

The maiden with the red girdle
 Is my best-beloved,
 What can be dearer to me?
 Whenever I come, she lets me in,
 Maiden with the red girdle,
 My heart's best-beloved.

Sweet pinks and rosmarin
 Sweetheart, I am coming to you
 At the back of the house there is a door,
 Raise the latch and enter in,
 Dear boy, now come to me.

And when I leave my sweetheart's house
 I swing my hat in the air,
 Sweet pinks and rosmarin,
 Sweetheart, now I must leave you
 Adieu, sweetheart, adieu,
 Perhaps we never shall meet again.

Song from Austrian Alps

OLGA von TUERCK-ROHN, HERTHA von TUERCK
 MAX BLOCH and REINHOLD WARLICH

Unter der Linden bin i g'sessen

Under the Lindentree

From the Steiermark.

Unter den Linden bin i g'sessen
 Unter den Linden sitz i gern
 Da kann ma wann's recht windstill is
 Das Herzklopfen hör'n.

Von der Weiten, von der Leiten
 Kummt a schönes Büaberl her
 Halt's Hüaterl an der Seiten
 Und schaut kloanverzwickt her.

Under the linden tree, I am resting,
 Under the linden, I love to sit;
 And when the wind is very still,
 I can hear the beating of my heart.

From afar, from the mountain side,
 A handsome youth approaches,
 His hat he carries in his hand
 Looking the while, slyly at me.

'sVogerl from Upper Austria

"You are a sly little bird"

Upper Austria.

A kloanverzwickt's Vogerl bist
 Fliagst daher übern Berg
 An Wischpla an Pfiff und dann
 Bist davon.

You are a sly little bird,
 You fly away over the mountain
 A twitter and trill
 And you are gone!

MAX BLOCH

Ueberführen

Folk-Song from the Austrian Tyrol.

Überführen, überführen!
 Ruaft a kloan Fischersdirn
 I muß zum Buan no heut,
 Weil es mich gar so greut,
 Überführen, überführen!
 Ruaft ein kloan Dirn.

This is the song of a little fisher-maiden, who is calling to the ferry-man to come and ferry across the water to her lover, whom she must see today, "because she loves him so".

Die lustigste Zeit

Folk-Song from the Austrian Province of
Carinthia.

Hollarodio!
Wenn der Auerhahn balzt,
Hollarodio!
Wenn der Kohlenbauer schnalzt,
Hollarodio!
Wenn der Rotkröpferl schreit,
Hollarodio!
Ist die lustigste Zeit.

Hollarodio!
When the woodcocks are mating.
Hollarodio!
When the charcoal-burner is whistling to his
horses.
Hollarodio!
When the red-breast is singing,
Hollarodio!
That is the merriest time of the year.

This is a highly popular Alpine song, in which the singers participating are spurred on to climb to the very extreme limit of their vocal range. It commences with a "Jodler" sung in a low register, the accompanying voices entering later with the text. The same song is then sung a tone higher, and this repeated again and again, until the laurels go to the singer who has displayed the greatest prowess in singing high tones. Owing to the universal use of the falsetto among the Alpine singers, they have voices of great compass and not infrequently, these repetitions extend to more than an octave above the beginning tone.

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GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

**GIVEN BY THE
PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE**

**UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH**

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

**Thirteenth Evening
Tuesday, April 15th
Danish, German**

**Artists: Julia Henry, Soprano; Matja Niessen-Stone, Contralto; Paul Reimers, Tenor;
Reinhold Warlich, Baritone; Max Merz, Piano.**

Fourteenth Evening: Tuesday, April 22. Languages: Bulgarian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Greek, Hebrew.

Artists: Margarethe Hussar, Soprano; Devora Nadvorny, Mezzo-Soprano; Milka Polanzer-Schneid, Mezzo-Soprano; Constantin Nicolay, Baritone; Anton Hock, Tenor; Emilio Blazevic, Bernard Olschanski, Baritone; Maurice Eisner, Max Merz, Piano; Bela Nyary, Cymbalom.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Friesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavii): 1. East Slavic: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Eshonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Thrkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I.	Tuesday, January 21Early French Provençale
	II.	“ January 28Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III.	“ February 4	...Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV.	“ February 11 English
	V.	“ February 18Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI.	“ February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII.	“ March 4Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII.	“ March 11Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN	“	March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finnland
	IX.	“	
	X.	“ March 25Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	XI.	“ April 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finnland, Hungarian
DIVERSE RACES NORTH AMERICAN	XII	“ April 8 Song from the Alps in Swiss and Austrian Dialects
	XIII.	“ April 15 German
	XIV.	“ April 22Balcan, Hebrew
	XV.	“ April 29 America

Danish Language

The Danish language is a member of the Scandinavian, or Northern family of languages, and together with Swedish forms the south-eastern branch of this group.

It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that the Danish language took on its present form. The first outstanding monument of modern Danish, was the translation of Luther's Bible in 1550. On the whole, the influence of the German language can not be over-looked in any consideration of the Danish tongue. There are three distinct Danish dialects, which although the most modern of the Scandinavian languages, is nevertheless, less euphonious than Swedish.

Owing to the illness of the artist engaged for the group of Danish folk-songs, these interesting numbers had to be postponed until a later, supplementary program.

German Language

German belongs to the Germanic family of languages, and is thus closely related to the English, Frisian, Scandinavian and extinct Gothic languages. More specifically classified, it belongs to the so-called West-Germanic languages, and is therefore more remotely related to the Scandinavian languages and early Gothic than to English and Frisian. During the Middle Ages, the history of the German language was the history of the German idiom. Different parts of the country had their own language written in the local dialect such as Lower-Saxony, the Netherlands, Middle-Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. But with the exception of the Netherlands, these languages have all been incorporated in the modern High German written language.

Just as the unity displayed in the written language has produced a strong and virile art-poetry, so have the manifold differentiations in the German dialects, been productive of a folk-literature of great richness and beauty.

The German folk-dialects may be divided into two chief groups: the Low-German and the High-German, the latter of which is again subdivided into Upper and Middle German dialects. Each one of these groups is composed of innumerable provincial or local dialects, more or less characteristic.

Firmerich, in his work on folk-poetry, published in the second half of the nineteenth century, gives examples of a great variety of these dialects.

This question of dialects, at least, as far as the larger public is concerned, is less interesting discussed in its intimate details, than a survey of the folk-songs and it is by a study of these that we arrive at a better knowledge of the folk-poetry of any country.

The most monumental scientific work on this subject is the "Deutscher Liederhort," commenced by Ludwig Erk, and completed and published by Franz Boehme by order of the Prussian government in 1893; here are to be found 2000 folk-songs collected from centuries of folk-poetry.

Not only is the text and melody given but also the manifold variants, with "Literary notes for the purposes of comparison, transcriptions of the earlier texts and songs in extinct dialects, as well as commentaries on the customs and manners of the times".

Franz Magnus Boehme, classified the songs into the following groups:

II. LEGENDARY SONGS.

1. Echoes of the Legends and Myths.
(Magic- and Fairy-tales Songs.)
2. Songs of Heroes.
3. Knights and Robber Songs.
4. Legendary Stories of Murders and Captivity.
5. Legendary Love Stories with Happy Endings.
6. Legendary Love Stories with Tragic Ending.
7. Waggish and Frivolous Songs.
8. Farcical Songs.
9. Legends of Animals and Fairy Tales of Flowers and Plants.
10. Pictures of Family Life.
11. Death Legends (spectral love and spectral voices).
12. Judgment Day and Everlasting Damnation.

III. HISTORIC-POLITICAL SONGS.

III. LOVE-SONGS.

- a) Happy Love-affairs.
- b) Unhappy Love-affairs.

IV. PARTING AND WANDER SONGS.

V. WARNINGS TO LOVERS.

(Sung at break of day).

VI. WEDDING-SONGS AND SONGS OF MARRIED LIFE.

(Including the Nun's Complaint).

VII. DANCE AND PLAY SONGS.

VIII. RIDDLE-WISH AND WAGER SONGS.

IX. DRINKING SONGS.

X. SONGS OF WELCOME.

(Sung by Children at Folk-Festivals).

XI. VOCATIONAL SONGS.

1. Songs of the Mercenaries and Cavaliers.
2. Soldiers Songs and War Songs.
3. Hunting Songs.
4. Shepherd and Alpine Songs.
5. Songs written by and about the Peasants.
6. Songs of the Miners.
7. Miscellaneous Out-door Occupations.
8. Artisans Songs.
9. Court Songs.
10. Students Songs.

XII. HUMOROUS AND SATIRIAL SONGS.

XIII. MISCELLANEOUS CONTENT.

XIV. CHILDRENS SONGS.

XV. SACRED SONGS.

1. Songs for Holydays and Feast days.
(Protestant and Catholic.)
2. Legendary Songs of the Catholic Church.
3. Songs of Praise, Thanksgiving.
Repentance and Consolation.
(Including Family Prayers.)

This classification, although made here specifically for German folk-songs, is nevertheless of general interest, and the same scheme could be quite as effectively applied to the folk-song literature of other countries. For the folk-songs of all nations, however widely they differ in word, image and tone, are all based on the human heart, and revolve in the same circle of universally-human elements of nature and life wherever found.

By the use of the Boehme classification, it should be an easy matter for anyone to form a clear idea of the wealth of poetic imagination that lies in the folk-poesy.

"What is the source of the material?" Boehme asks and answers this question by saying: "From oral and written tradition, not taken from hitherto published song collections of songs, but chiefly the work of a zealous and conscientious collector, who has made a life study of the folk-poesy and folk-song." This work of Ludwig Erk's is the result of almost fifty years of untiring research and patient labor.

Although folk-songs in the Upper Germandialect—that is to say, Alpine songs from Switzerland, Bavaria and Austria, were given in the XII. concert of this series, it has been found impracticable to follow these with the proposed program of German folk-songs written in the dialects common to Middle and North Germany. It will thus be impossible to present the extremely interesting contrast formed by these varying dialect groups. The songs, presented in this program are sung in High German.

MAX MERZ.

Those interested in the systematic study of folkpoesy, both in word and tone, will find a wealth of available material in the New York Public Library at Forty-Second Street. It would be manifestly impossible to include a detailed list of these publications within the limited space of these program books, but all desired information in regard to popular and scientific works on this subject may be obtained from the card index at the library. But in the Music Division, Reference Department are to be found the following collections of German Folk Songs:

- 1 Böhme Franz M. Volkstümliche Lieder des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts. 1895.
- 2 Böhme Franz M. Troubadours und Minnesänger des 12-14 Jahrhunderts.
- 3 Dahn Felix und Carl Reinecke. Allgemeines Reichs Kommersbuch. 1885.
- 4 Deutsches Liederbuch für amerikanische Studenten. 1906. Friedländer Max, Erk's deutscher Liederschatz.
- 5 Diefurth T. W. v. Fünfzig ungedruckte Balladen und Liebeslieder des XVI. Jahrhunderts. 1877.
- 6 Druffel Peter. Deutsche Lieder aus dem XV. und XVI. Jahrhundert.
- 7 Erk Ludwig. Volkslieder für Männerstimmen. 1845.
- 8 Erk Ludwig und Fr. M. Böhme. Deutscher Liederhort I., II., III. 1893.
- 9 Fink G. W. Musikalischer Neuschatz.
- 10 Härtel August. Deutsches Liedlesikon. 1867.
- 11 Hartmann August und Hyacinth Abele. Weihnachten aus Bayern, Tirol und Land Salzburg. 1884.
- 12 Heydt T. D. von der. Deutscher Liederschatz. 1914.
- 13 Hoffmann von Fallersleben. Deutsches Volksliedbuch. 1848.
- 14 John Ernst H. H. Volkslieder und volkstümliche Lieder aus dem sächsischen Erzgebirge. 1909.
- 15 Kassel D. A. Sprüche (Schnaderhüpfeln) im elsässischen Volksmund. 1912.
- 16 Lange O. H. Altdeutsche Lieder.
- 17 Lemmerman Albert aus Meinstedt. Alte Volkslieder in Wort und Weise aus Niedersachsen. 1908.
- 18 Martin H. German Folksongs in German and English.
- 19 Meisinger D. Othmar. Volkslieder aus dem badischen Oberlande.
- 20 New Yorker Staatszeitung. Deutscher Volksliederschatz. 1911.
- 21 Rebbeling Louis. Volksliederalbum. 1911
- 22 Reifferscheid D. Alexander. Westfälische Volkslieder. 1879.
- 23 Reimann Heinrich. Das deutsche Lied. 1893.
- 24 Rotter D. Curt. Der Schnaderhüpfelrhythmus. 1912.
- 25 Saran August. 30 altdeutsche Volksliedermelodien.
- 26 Scherrer Heinrich. Deutsche Soldatenlieder. 1914.
- 27 Silcher Friedrich. 100 Volkslieder.
- 28 Soldatenliederbuch für die schweizerische Armee. 1902.
- 29 Spicker Max. Songs of Germany (Schirmers Edition). 1904.
- 30 Täglichsbeck Th. und T. Mülleisen. Göpels deutsches Kommersbuch. 1847.
- 31 Tappert Wilhelm. Deutsche Lieder aus dem XV. XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert.
- 32 Verein für Niederdeutsche Sprachforschung. Niederdeutsches Liederbuch. 1884.
- 33 Verlag Moritz Schauenburg Lahr. Jubiläums-Auflage des allgemeinen deutschen Kommersbuches. 1908.
- 34 "Vivat Academia." Deutsche Studentenlieder.
- 35 "Volksliederbuch für Männerchor". Herausgegeben auf Veranlassung des Kaiser Wilhelm II. im Jahre 1906.
- 36 "Unsere Feldgrauen". 60 Marsch und Lagerlieder. 1914.
- 37 Züricher Schulsynode. Volksgesänge für Männerchor.

P r o g r a m

An Old German Choral

Text and Melody from Dr. Philipp Nicolai.
1599.

Wachet auf! ruft die Stimme,
Der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne,
Wach auf du Stadt Jerusalem!
Mitternacht heißt diese Stunde,
Sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde,
Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen?
Wacht auf, der Bräutigam kommt!
Steht auf, die Lampe nehmt!
Halleluja!
Macht euch bereit,
Zu der Hochzeit!
Ihr müsset ihm entgegen ziehn!

This is incontestably the most powerful and impressive choral of the Lutheran Protestant Church. Dr. Nicolai, the composer of the choral has used for his text the biblical comparison of the "*Wise and Foolish Virgins*."

1

Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death.
1683.

Es ist ein Schnitter, der heißt Tod,
Hat Gewalt vom großen Gott.
Heut wetzt er das Messer,
Es schneidt schon viel besser,
Bald wird er drein schneiden,
Wir müssens nur leiden
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death
His power it comes from God,
Today his scythe is whetted,
That sharper it will cut.
To us he soon will come,
And bear the blow we must,
Beware! O lovely flowers.

Was heut noch grün und frisch da steht,
Wird Morgen weg-gemäht.
Die edel Narzissen,
Die englische Schlüssel,
Die schön Hyacinth
Die türkische Bind —
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein.

Flowers that are fresh and green today,
Tomorrow meet their fate;
Narcissus sweet,
Carnations gay,
Primoses fine
And blue hyacinths,
Beware! O lovely flowers.

Trutz Tod! Komm her, ich furcht dich nit!
Trutz, komm und tu ein Schnitt!
Wenn er mich verletztet,
So werd ich versetztet,
Ich will es erwarten,
In himmlischen Garten:
Freu dich, schöns Blümelein.

Thou tyrant Death. I fear thee not,
Come hither with thy scythe,
If hurt I be
My Saviour I'll see
In Paradise garden
Rejoice! O lovely flowers.

C. V. K.

This song embodies a reflection upon Death presented in a truly monumental manner. Erk-Boehme says that the text and melody were first found on the stray page of a manuscript, with the following observation: "A beautiful May Song, descriptive of the way in which Death, the Reaper of men, ruthlessly mows down the flowers. Young and old alike, are strongly recommended to sing this song and ponder over its contents".

In an old book published in 1638, are found the words. "Reaper's Song sung in Regensburg, where a beautiful young flower of noble birth was suddenly cut down in her prime". Text written in 1637.

Goethe once said of this song: "Catholic Church and a Song of Death! Deserved to have been of Protestant origin".

In stiller Nacht.

Still is the Night.

In stille Nacht zur ersten Wacht
 Ein Stimm begunnt zu klag'n.
 Der mächtge Wind hat leis und lind
 Zu mir den Klang getragen.
 Von herbem Leid und Traurigkeit,
 Ist mir das Herz zerflossen.
 Die Blümelein mit Tränen mein
 Hab ich sie all begossen.

Der schöne Mond will untergo'n
 Für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen.
 Die Sternelan ihr Glitzen stahn,
 Mit mir sie wollen weinen.
 Kein Vogelsang noch Freudenklang
 Man höret in den Lüften.
 Die wilden Tier traurn auch mit mir
 In Steinen und in Klüften.

'Twas midnight's hour, the air was still,
 A voice began to mourn
 The mountain wind, now soft and low
 Did bring the sound to me.
 From woe and bitter sadness,
 My heart began to ache,
 My tears they fell upon the flowers
 And wet them like the dew.

The lovely moon has gone to rest,
 She is so sad, she can not shine,
 The little stars stop twinkling
 To weep and mourn with me.
 No song of bird, no sound of joy,
 Is heard, nor far nor near,
 The beasts in caves and crevices
 They weep and mourn with me.

C. V. K.

The editor of the folk-song collection known as the "Zupfgeigenhansel" has nothing more to say of this song than that it is by "Friederich von Spee, Trutznachtigall". Döbeln in Saxony".

This is one the many German folk-songs which Johannes Brahms has also glorified with his art.

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht.

There fell a frost in the soft, spring night.

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht.
 Er fiel auf die zarten Blaublumelein
 Sie sind, verwelket, verdorret.

Ein Knabe hat ein Mägdelein lieb.
 Sie flohen beide von Hause fort,
 Es wußtens nicht Vater noch Mutter.

Sie sind gewandert wohl hin und her.
 Sie hatten nirgends Glück noch Stern,
 Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

There fell a frost in the soft, spring night,
 It fell upon the tender young flowers,
 That all of them withered and died.

A youth he loved a maiden fair,
 Deep into the forest, they fled afar
 And knew it not father nor mother.

They wandered far, no sign no star,
 Gave token of home and loved ones,
 And they too were stricken and died.

The history of this song has never been fully established. Erk-Boehme devotes a lengthy and detailed note to its discussion from which the following passage is quoted:

From the oldest existing printed copy of this song, 1825, the following observation quoted: "Taken down in Bergischen form the lips of the people. Wilhelm von Waldbruhl". W. v. W. is the pen-name of the poet and folk-song collector, Zuccalmaglio, born in Waldbruhl in 1803. Heinrich Heine included this song in his so-called "Memorandum-Book for Ladies" printed in 1829, and wrote under it. This is a genuine folk-song which I heard along the Rhine.

Es bliess ein Jäger.
The Horn o fthe Hunter.

Es bließ ein Jäger wohl in sein Horn,
Wohl in sein Horn.
Und alles was er bließ, das war verlorn.

"Soll denn mein Blasen verloren sein,
Viel lieber möchte ich kein Jäger sein."

Er warf sein Netz wohl übern Strauch,
Da sprang ein schwarzbraunes Mädel heraus.

"Ach, schwarzbraunes Mädel, entspring mir
nicht.
Ich habe große Hunde, die holen dich."

"Deine großen Hunde, die fürcht ich nicht,
Sie kennen meine hohen weiten Sprünge
nicht."

Er warf ihr das Netz wohl über den Leib
Da ward sie des jungfrischen Jägers Weib.

A hunter blew into his horn, one morn
And the wind it carried the tones away.

"Shall then all my bugling go for naught
I'd rather, far no hunter be".

He threw his net over a hazel-bush
And therefrom sprang a lovely maid.

"Ah, lovely maid, escape me not,
My dogs are fierce and will bring you back."

"Let thy dogs be fierce, I fear them not
For little do they know my long, high leaps".

"Thy long, high leaps they know full well
And they know that tonight you'll die."

He threw his net about her head,
And the lovely maid was the hunter's wife.

This particular variant of a well-known German folk-song is sung in Silesia. Erk-Boehme gives five variants, taken from Nicolai's Almanac of 1777, namely from Berlin, Cöthen, Wurtemberg, Bavaria and Thuringia. Goethe observes in connection with this song: "Rendered somewhat indistinct through oral transmission but its real essence, is of incalculable value."

Johans von Nepomuk.
Johann von Nepomuk.

Johann von Nepomuk,
Du auf der Prager Bruck,
Der du hast müssen
Hier dein Leben schließen
Im Moldau Fluss.

Der König wollt es hab'n,
Du sollst ihm alles sag'n,
Kein Wort versparen,
Alles offenbaren,
Was die Königin gebeicht.

Du aber schweigst fein still,
Dein Mund nicht reden will;
Da du wardst geboren,
Hast du dich verschworen
Ganz still zu sein.

Die Sternlein leuchten schön,
Johannes, dir zu Ehr'n;
Alldort von ferne
Leuchten schon die Sterne,
Johannes dir zu Ehrn.

Johann von Nepomuk,
There on the bridge at Prague,
Thou who wast obliged
To end thy life
In the waters of the Moldau.

The king wished to know
To have you tell him all,
To spare no word,
Reveal every word
That the queen had confessed to you.

But thou, refused his wish
Thy lips would speak no word,
For thou hast taken a holy vow
To listen, and be still.

The stars above are shining
In thy honor, o Johannes
From heaven's vault,
Shine down the stars,
To honor thee, Johannes!

According to Erk-Boehme, the text of this song was printed as early as 1721. Johann von Nepomuk is one Bohemia's national heroes and an annual festival in his honor is held in Prague on May 16. The silver casket in which the saint was buried is one of the reliquaries of the Cathedral in Prague. Some scepticism has been expressed as to the works and wonders ascribed to this holy man, and Prof. Tomsch, of the faculty of the Czech University in Prague has even gone so far as to doubt the existence of the saint.

However this may be, it is better to accept the pious fiction which has given to the world this splendid ballad, than the cold scientific fact which would deny the hero's existence.

Die Linde im Tal.

The Lime Tree.

Es steht ein' Lind' in jenem Tal,
 Ach, Gott, was tut sie da?
 Sie will mir helfen trauern,
 Daß ich so gar kein Buhlen han!

Ich kam wohl in ein Gärtlein,
 Darinnen ich entschlief;
 Mir träumet also süße,
 Wie mir mein Lieb entgegen lief.

Und da ich auferwachet,
 Da war das alles nicht;
 Denn nur die lichten Röslein,
 Die fielen all' herab auf mich.

Why thus doth mourn the lime tree,
 It sings unto my sighing,
 That I, poor maid, no true love know.

Into a garden I did go,
 To slumber all so sweet,
 And there I fell a-dreaming,
 How that my love and I did meet.

And as I woke from slumber,
 My pleasure all had flown;
 Was nothing there but roseleaves,
 That lightly fell my face upon.

Boehme writes: This song was published by Berg and Newber in 1550, and also included in a collection brought out by Forster in 1556. Since time immemorial, the lime-tree has played a very conspicuous role in German folk-life. It is the favorite tree of the Germans and is always to be found before the houses, in the public squares, in the church-yards, and is the general assembling point of the villagers. Children play under its broad branches, lovers meet here for tender exchanges of vows, the old men and gossips hold rendezvous here on summer evenings, on fete days and holidays, the village musicians fill the air with strains of jollity and merriment. The place under the lime-tree is even made to serve as a tribunal where village culprits are tried and condemned.

Feinsliebschen.

My darling.

Feinsliebchen, du sollst mir nicht barfuß gehn,
 Du zertrittst dir die zarten Füßlein schön.
 Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la,
 Du zertrittst dir die zarten Füßlein schön.

"Wie sollte ich denn nicht barfuß gehn,
 Hab keine Schuh ja anzuziehn?"

"Feinsliebchen, willst du mein eigen sein,
 So kaufe dir ein Paar Schühlein fein?"

"Wie könnte ich euer eigen sein,
 Ich bin ein armes Mägdelein".

Und bist du auch arm, so nehm ich dich doch,
 Du hast ja die Ehr und die Treue noch."

Was zog er aus seiner Tasche fein,
 Von lauter Gold ein Ringlein.

My darling shall never with bare feet go,
 Thou wilt hurt else thy tender little feet.

"Why should I then never with bare feet go
 If I have no shoes to protect them."

"Fair maiden wilt thou be ever mine?
 I'll buy thee some shoes and some dresses fine."

"How could I, tell me, to thee be wed,
 I am the poorest servant maid?"

Though thou art poor, I love thee still,
 For thou hast a true and honest will.

What drew he then from his pocket, see!
 A ring of gold, it was for me.

'S ist alles dunkel.

All is dark.

Sung throughout Germany.

's ist alles dunkel, 's ist alles trübe,
Dieweil mein Schatz ein andern liebt.
Ich hab geglaubt, sie liebet mich,
Aber nein, sie hasset mich.

Was nützt mir ein schöner Garten,
Wenn andre drin spazieren gehn.
Und pflücken mir die Röslein ab,
Woran ich meine Freude hab.

Was nützt mir ein schönes Mädchen
Wenn andre mit spazieren gehn,
Und küssen ihr die Schönheit ab,
Woran ich meine Freude hab.

Bald kommen nun die schwarzen Brüder,
Und tragen mich zum Tor hinaus,
Und legen mich ins kühle Grab,
Worin ich ewig Ruhe hab.

All is dark and all is dreary,
So long my love's unkind to me;
I did believe she loved me dearly,
But now I find she loves me not.

What care I for a lovely garden
When others walk therein, so free
And pluck the lovely, lovely roses
Which I did love with all my heart.

What care I for a lovely maiden
When others walk and talk with her;
And kiss away her charms and beauty
Which my fond heart did hold so dear.

Ah, soon will come the sable brothers
And bear me gently from the house
And in the cool, cool grave they'll lay me
Where I shall find eternal rest.

C. V. K.

A folk-song from Upper Hessen that was written in 1850. There are more than fifteen variants of the text in use in various parts of Germany.

Kein Feuer, keine Kohle.

No fire and no coals.

Sung throughout Germany.

Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kann brennen so heiß,
Als heimliche Liebe,
Von der niemand weiß.

Keine Rose, keine Nelke,
Kann blühen so schön;
Als wenn zwei verliebte Seelen,
Bei enander tun stehn.

Setze du mir einen Spiegel
Ins Herze hinein,
Damit du kannst sehen,
Wie so treu ich es mein.

No fire and no coals
Can give forth such heat
As love that is secret
So tender and deep.

No rose and no flower
Can blossom and thrive
As two tender hearts
When joined by love.

O had you a mirror
In this heart of mine
Therein you would see
I am thine, only thine.

Die Gedanken sind frei.

Free are our thoughts.

Die Gedanke sind frei,
 Wer kann sie erraten?
 Sie fliehen vorbei
 Wie nächtliche Schatten.
 Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
 Kein Jäger erschießen,
 Es bleibet dabei,
 Die Gedanken sind frei.

Ich denk was ich will
 Und was mich beglückt,
 Doch alles in der Still,
 Und wie es sich schicket.
 Mein Wunsch und Begehren
 Kann niemand verwehren
 Es bleibet dabei,
 Die Gedanken sind frei.

Drum will ich auf immer,
 Den Sorgen entsagen,
 Und will mich auch nimmer,
 Mit Grillen mehr plagen.
 Man kann ja in Herzen
 Stets lachen und scherzen
 Und denken dabei:
 Die Gedanken sind frei.

Free are our thoughts,
 Who can devine them?
 They come and they go
 Like shades of the night.
 No man knows aught of them,
 No hunter can slay them,
 I hold fast to this
 Our thoughts they are free.

I think as I will,
 On that which delights me,
 Yet quietly, secretly,
 As it beseems.
 My desires and my wishes,
 No one can prevent them,
 And therefore I say,
 Our thoughts they are free.

And evermore will I
 Renounce all sad cares
 And nevermore will I
 Myself plague with fears.
 At heart one can always
 Laugh and be glad
 And think as he does this
 Our thoughts they are free.

C. V. K.

Boehme-Erk: This is a widely circulated song, which originated in South Germany about 1800, as is proven by stray leaves dated 1780-1800. In making his researches, Erk found that it was native to Franconia, Thuringia, Brandenburg, and Silesia. A musical version of the text was first printed in a collection called "The Maid of Brienzen", published in Berne, Switzerland. But as early as the twelfth century, the idea was embodied in a poem entitled "Freidank" (Edition Grimm, Page 115) where it ran:

"Din Cant mac nieman vinden
 Din mine gedanke binden."

The two leading Minnesinger of South Germany, Walter von der Vogelweide and Ditmar von Aist; also sang the words: "Our Thoughts are Free".

NINE CHILDREN SONGS.

Piano accompaniment and harmonization by Max Merz.

The German language is rich in children's songs, some gay, some grave. Both at home and in the schools everything is done to encourage the singing of these songs, and as early as 1897, a scientific compilation called "German Children Songs and Children's Games" was brought out by Franz Magnus Boehme.

The following Children's Songs are taken from the more popular collection: "Machet auf das Tor", edited by Marie Kühn.

11

Macht auf das Tor.

Open the door.

Macht auf das Tor, macht auf das Tor,
Es kommt ein goldner Wagen,
Wer sitzt darin, wer sitzt darin?
Ein Mann mit goldnen Haaren!
Was will er denn, was will er denn?
Er will Mariechen holen,
Was hat sie denn, was hat sie denn?
Sie hat sein Herz gestohlen!

Open the door, open the door,
Here comes a golden carriage,
Who sits therein, who sits therein?
A man with golden hair!
What does he wish, what does he wish?
He's come to get Little Marie!
What has she done, what has she done?
She's stolen his heart away!

12

Guten Abend, Herr Spielmann.

Good evening, Mr. Musician.

Guten Abend, Herr Spielmann
Wie geht es euch denn?
Mit der kleinen Violine und dem großen
Schrum-schrum?
Da rasselt der Kessel,
Da klingelt der Topf,
Da tanzen die Mädchen einen Galopp.

Good evening, Mr. Musician
How are you today?
With the little fiddle and the big drum?
The kettles they rattle
The pots they resound
As the little girls dance
Around and around.

13

Trauer, über Trauer.

Woe, woe, woe is me.

Trauer, über Trauer,
Hab verloren mein Ring
Ich muß suchen
Ich muß kriechen
Bis ich finde meinen Ring.

Woe, woe, woe is me!
I have lost my ring,
I must search
I must creep
Till my ring is found again.

Freude, über Freude,
Hab gefunden mein Ring,
Ich hab suchen müssen
Ich hab kriechen müssen
Bis ich g'funden meinen Ring.

Joy, joy, joy is me!
I have found my ring,
I had to search,
I had to creep
Till I find my ring again.

14

Die ersten Hosen.

The First Trousers.

Unser Hans hat Hosen an
Und sie sind ihm zu klein,
Horch! wie der Wind geht,
Horch! wie der Hahn kräht!
Draußen auf der Hollerstaud'n
Sitzt ein schöner Fink.

Little Hans is wearing pants,
And they're too small for him;
Hark, how the wind does blow!
Hark, how the cock does crow!
Outside on the elder bush
Sits a pretty, pretty finch.

15

Schlaf du kleine Seele.

Sleep, thou little soul.

Schlaf du kleine Seele,
Schlaf in guter Ruh.
Schlummre ohne Fehle,
Tu' die Aeuglein zu.
Schlummre sanft und süße,
Ruhe Händ' und Füße,
Auch das Aeugelein
Muß geschlossen sein.
Bisseken, bisseken, tralala,
Bisseken, bisseken, bei.

Sleep, thou little soul,
Sleep and be at rest,
Slumber sweetly, little child,
Tightly close your eyes.
Slumber soft and sweet
Hand and feet at rest
Close your eyes my darling child
Sweetly, sweetly sleep.

16

Stille, stille.

Hush, hush.

Stille, stille, kein Geräusch gemacht.
Darum seid nun alle still,
Weil mein Kindchen schlafen will.
Stille, stille, kein Geräusch gemacht.

Hush, hush, make no noise
All be quiet. all be still
For my baby's sleeping sweet,
Hush, hush, make no noise

17

Will ich in mein Gärtchen gehn.

When I in my garden go.

Will ich in mein Gärtchen gehn
Will mein Zwiebeln gießen
Steht ein bucklig Männlein da
Fängt gleich an zu nießen.

When I in my garden go.
My onion plants to water,
There I see a hunchbacked man
Who straightway begins to sneeze.

"Liebes Kind, ach ich bitt'
Bet fürs bucklig Männlein mit".

"Dear little child. pray for me
Pray also for the hunchbacked man."

Es tanzt ein Butzemann

A little Man is dancing

Es tanzt ein Butzemann
In unserm Haus herum,
Er rüttelt sich,
Er schüttelt sich,
Er wirft sein Säckchen hinter sich.
Es tanzt ein Butzemann
In unserm Haus herum.

A little man is dancing
Around about the house.
He shakes himself
He twists himself
He throws his sack behind his back;
A little man is dancing
Around about the house.

The "Butzemann," of legendary folkpoesy was a droll little sprite or gnome, who was considered the good spirit of the home.

"Spinn, spinn meine liebe Tochter"

"Spin, spin, my dearest daughter"

"Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir 'n Paar Schuh."
"Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter
Auch Strümpfe dazu.
Ich kann ja nicht spinnen
Es schmerzt mich mein Finger
Und tut mir so weh."

"Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir ein Kleid."
"Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Nicht zu eng und nicht zu weit.
Ich kann ja nicht spinnen, etc."

"Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir 'nen Mann."
"Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Der steht mir wohl an,
Nun kann ich auch spinnen
Es schmerzt nicht mein Finger
Und tut nicht mehr weh."

"Spin, spin, my dearest daughter
I'll buy you a pair of shoes."
"Yes, yes, dearest mother,
And buy me stockings too.
I can not spin, I can not spin,
My finger pains me so."

"Spin, spin, my dearest daughter
And I'll buy you a nice new gown".
"Yes, yes, dearest mother,
But not too wide and not too scant
I can not spin, etc."

"Spin, spin, my dearest daughter
I'll buy you a husband fine."
"Yes, yes, my dearest mother,
That is what I'd like best;
Now I can spin, now I can spin
For my finger pains no more."

C. V. K.

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GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE
PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH

SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

Fourteenth Evening
Tuesday, April 22nd
Bulgarian, Roumanian
Greeke, Hebrew

Artists: Margarethe Hussar, Soprano; Devora Nadvorny, Mezzo-Soprano; Milka Polanzer-Schneid, Mezzo-Soprano; Constantin Nicolay, Baritone; Anton Hock, Tenor; Emilio Blazevic, Bernard Olschanski, Baritone; Maurice Eisner, Max Merz, Piano; Bela Nyary, Cymbalom.

Fifteenth (last) Evening: Tuesday, April 29: U. S. of America. Artists: Julia Henry, Soprano; Natalie Burlin-Curtis, Mezzo-Soprano; Reinhold Warlich, Baritone; The Clef Club of N. Y.; Maurice Eisner, Piano.

TABLE OF THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

The following table is here presented in order to afford a brief survey of the languages of the peoples of Europe. If one considers the fact that each one of the languages here indicated, is subdivided into many dialects, according to the extent of its circulation, it will be possible to form a picture of the manifold possibilities for poetic expression to be found in the folk song literature of the European countries.

I. Indo-Germanic Languages:

Modern Greek Dialects: Hellenic. — Albanian. — Romance Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanien, French, Provencale, Italian, Sardinian, Rato-Romanesque, Ladino, and Roumanian. — Celtic Languages: Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton. — Germanic Languages (North, West and East Germanic): 1. North Germanic (Scandinavian): Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Icelandic. 2. East Germanic: Gothic (obsolete). 3. West Germanic: English Friesian, Dutch, Flemish, Low German, Modern High German. — Baltic Languages: Lithuanian, Lettonian. — Slavic Languages (East, South and West Slavii): 1. East Slavic: Great Russia, White Russia (Rutheniens), Little Russia (Ukrainian). 2. South Slavic: Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian. 3. West Slavic: Polish, Czech, Slovenian, Wend (with the Masurian), Kaschubink, Old Prussian (obsolete).

II. Finnish-Ugrish Languages:

Suomi (Finnish), Eshonian, Livonian, etc. Different Dialects of Ugrish, Hungarian (mixed with old Turkish Elements).

III. Turkish Languages:

Osmanic, Tartaric, Thrkoman.

IV. Isolated Groups:

Basque, Old Etruscan.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

RACES	Concert	1919	LANGUAGES
ROMAN	I.	Tuesday, January 21	Early French Provençale
	II.	" January 28	Modern French, French and Italian in Switzerland
	III.	" February 4 ...	Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Roumanian
ANGLO-CELTIC	IV.	" February 11	English
	V.	" February 18	Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, Breton
SLAVIC	VI.	" February 25	Great Russian, Little Russian (Ukrainian)
	VII.	" March 4	Polish, Czech, Slovenian
	VIII.	" March 11	Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian
TEUTONIC-SCANDINAVIAN		" March 18	Swedish, Norwegian, Iceland, Swedish in Finland
	IX.	" March 25	Danish, Dutch, Flemish
	X.	" March 1	Wandering Folk-Songs II., Baltic Provinces, Finland, Hungarian
	XI.	" April 8	Song from the Alps in Swiss and Austrian Dialects
DIVERSE RACES NORTH AMERICAN	XII.	" April 15	German
	XIII.	" April 22	Balkan, Hebrew
	XIV.	" April 29	America

Program

BULGARIA

The Bulgarian race is a fusion of the Slavonic element and the Ugro-Finnish immigrants living on the Peninsula. Like the other Slavonic tribes, the Bulgars left their homes in the Carpathian mountains about the seventh century, but it was not until the twelfth century that the line of demarcation began to be drawn between them and the Serbo-Croatians, also of Slavic descent. Curiously enough, this separation did not take place along racial or linguistic lines but was brought about by religious influences. A well-developed Latin civilization existed along the eastern shores of the Adriatic and the peoples settling there came under the influence of the Catholic Church and were gradually converted to this religion, whereas, those remaining in the interior of the country, held to the Byzantine or orthodox faith.

For four centuries, Bulgaria ceased to have a written language save in the monasteries, but about the middle of the eighteenth century, a literary revival took place, and this was the beginning of a return of national consciousness. In fact, the revival of the various nationalities in the Balkans, was always accompanied, or preceded, by a literary movement. The Bulgarian, as well as the Roumanian and Serbian languages, borrowed freely from the Turkish vocabulary, while differing in structural formation and many Greek words were also gradually incorporated into the vocabulary.

The folk-poetry of these nations is rich in fairy tales and folk-songs, which are characterized by uncommon fantasy and coloring. In the melodic line, the folk-songs of all the nations often display oriental influence and are characterized by a deep melancholy.

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID and
EMILIO BLAZEVIC

1

Tuga Sorrow

Snošci si minah kraj Sivlijevo
Kraj Sivlijevo, kraj čerkovata
Tam si zavarih dor' dva nova groba,
Séom zaroveni i ostaveni,
Nad grobovitje dor dvje lambadi
Do lambaditje dor dva lepa angela
Do angelitje dor dvje djevojki,
Zalno plačaha, ljuto k'lnjaha:
Bog da obije tez' Arnauti,
Tez' Arnauti, tez' kapasuzi,
Deto ubiha čiča Ivančja,
Čiča Ivančja i hadži Minča.

Last night I passed by Sivlijevo
By Sivlijevo near the churchyard,
There I saw two new graves
Freshly made, and waiting so,
At the head of the graves two candles burned
By their light I saw two beautiful angels,
Besides the angels, two maidens fair
Bitterly weeping and cursing:
"Thy curse, Oh God, send upon the Arnauts
The Arnauts who have slain Uncle Ivanjo
Uncle Ivanjo and a holy pilgrim.

A. HOCK

2

Tri Godini The Outlaw

Bulgarian Folk-Song arranged by Granville
Bantock.

Tri godini v'tamnica
Ceteri v'pranga.
Dodeja mi života.

Neman basta ni majka,
Nito brat nit sestra
Dodeja mi života.

In the dungeon have I
Languished for three long years;
To the scaffold they will bring me,
Ah! my grief outweighs my fears.

Parents have I none
To help me in my need;
Neither brother nor sister—
Ah! my life is hard indeed.

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID

Duhni vjetre
Blow, thou wind!

Duhni vjetre gornjanine;
Gornjanine, dolnjanine
Ce šće dalek' da pjatuva
V' g'rcka zemja dor do more
Da si traži po prilika.

Djevojčica hudavica
Hudavica s' čisto s'rce
Séo drugigo neljubila,
Séo drugigo neljubila
I drugimu cvjet nedala.

Blow, thou wind from the mountains and
valleys!
Far have I to wander, to the land down by the
sea,
To search, and if it be my good fortune
To find a maiden, poor but of a pure heart.
A maiden who never has given her love
And to no one has given a flower.

4

Grmni Bože!
Thunder God

An Old Melody from Tenova in Bulgaria.

Grmni Bože udari ma!
Skoro Bože priberi ma.
Da ne hoda po zemja ta
V tazi žizem ah prokljata
Kak da teglja 'tezi m'ki,
Da ja gledam v čuždi r'ki,

Oči moje prit'mnejte
Tozi sviet ah ne žalejte,
Is čevreto što go j' šila;
S nego slzi šte da brša,
Toz život dodeto svrša.

God of Thunder, strike me with Thy darts.
Take me and destroy me
That I no longer encumber the earth.
My woes are heavy, my life is a curse,
Because I am forsaken.

Close my eyes in eternal sleep.
Have pity on me, I implore Thee.
The handkerchief, she worked for me,
I fain would weep into its snowy folds
Until my life be ended.

EMILIO BLAZEVIC

5

Makedonec
Macedonian, Macedonian

Makedonec! Makedonec žalno pjeje
Žalno pjeje i govori:
Gde s' volni godini?

Oj te tebe Blgarino bratec moj,
Kakva s'dba nastana
Ta me robe i dvama.

Macedonian, Macedonian.
Sings sadly and speaks:
Where are the years of freedom?
Where are the years of my youth?

Macedonian, Macedonian.
Sings sadly and speaks:
O Bulgarian brother,
By what a sad fate are we oppressed
Both of us slaves in a conquered land.

6

Karamfilka mome
Karamfilka Maiden
Folk-Song from Arbania in Bulgaria.

Karamfilka mome,
Karalata majka
Na Dunav na vode.

Karamfilka maiden
Your mother has been chiding you
By the blue waters of the Danube.

P'lna-ta luna
Light of the Moon

P'lna-ta lima, jasno grêj!
Sički-ê hora veseli.
Mene ne razveseljava,
No samo mene skrbļjava.

The full moon wanders
Clear through the heavens;
The mountains rejoice
In her glorious light.
But in my heart there is no joy,
Nothing but sadness and melancholy.

Silna-ta strast mja podkan,
Svirčica ta si da zima,
Ot doma da si izleza,
Kam to na dolu da ida.

Under the spell of her rays
I am seized with a madness;
Trembling with emotion
I am drawn from the house.

Kato iz putja az vrvjah,
Na desna strana pogiednah,
Tam svetle mesto debêše,
Prekrasna moma da spēše.

Flute in hand, I wander along the path
My eye falls upon a secluded nook
In which is lying a beautiful maiden
Fast asleep.

G R E E K F O L K - S O N G S

Next to the Albanians, the Greeks are the oldest people of the Balkans, having immigrated thither from Asia Minor in prehistoric times. Among the Greeks, literature never suffered a complete eclipse as in Bulgaria and Serbia and gradually, a compromise was effected between the classical language of ancient Hellas and the popular folk-idiom. Philologists have now established the fact that the Keltic language has a close affinity with Latin and also with Greek, particularly the Keltic language as spoken in Wales.

Modern Greek is the direct evolution of the earlier Attic dialect, which under the name of "Koine" was the written and popular language of the entire territory under Greek sovereignty. Practically all dialects found in Greece at the present time, may be traced back to this influence, as may also many dialects spoken in southern Italy. The only exception is the early "Zakonic", the language of Peloponnesus, which seems to have no connection with the early Laconic dialect. Gradually, Roumanian, Slav and Turkish elements seem to have forced their way into the modern Greek vocabulary. Up to the first decade of the last century, no record existed of the manifold dialects and today, any one able to read the modern Greek written and spoken in Athens, may have the greatest difficulty in understanding the Greek of the folk-songs, the majority of which were written in the patois or idiom of Epirus.

There is a great wealth of folk-poesy in modern Greece and the songs are often sung as an accompanying text to the folk-dances. The melodic and rhythmic peculiarities of these songs are very interesting, but unfortunately, these are seldom accurately reproduced in the printed page, as many of the subtlest nuances have escaped even the enthusiastic musical historians who have gone about the peninsula taking down by word of mouth, the songs and poetry of the people. As is the case with all folk-poesy, the rarest gems are hidden in the remote regions and lose their essential flavor when transplanted to the poisonous air of the industrial centers.

Nos. 8, 9, and 10 are taken from the Collection of Greek Folk-Songs by Bourgoult du Courtray.

CONSTANTIN NICOLAY

The Wanderer

Πέντε χρόνια περπατούσα
στο βουνό βουνό Αὐγούστα μ'
Κι' ἄλλα πέντε τριγυροῦσα
στο γιὰλὸ γιὰλὸ Αὐγούστα μ'
Τὴν ἀγάπη μου γυρεύω
δὲν μποροῦσα νὰ τὴν βρῶ
• Αὐγούστα μ'...

Five years I wandered on the mountains,
Augusta, my dear Augusta.
And five years more, I wandered o'er the seas;
Augusta, my dear Augusta.
I sought my love, but all in vain,
Alas. I could not find her.
Augusta, my dear Augusta.

A Peasant Girl

Βλαχίτσα ἐκατέβαινε
 ποῦ πάνω ἀπ' τὸ κοτρώνι
 Γαῖτανάκια δυὸ πλεγμένα. Βαῖ! Βαῖ! Βαῖ!
 Βλαχίτσα δὲν παντρεύεσαι;
 Δὲν πέρνεις τσοπανάκο;
 Γαῖτανάκια δυὸ πλεγμένα. Βαῖ! Βαῖ! Βαῖ!
 Δὲν πέρνω γὰρ τὸν τσόπανο,
 ποῦ 'χει τσαρούχια ξένα,
 Γαῖτανάκια δυὸ πλεγμένα. Βαῖ! Βαῖ! Βαῖ!

The melody of this folk-song is written entirely on the five tones of the diminished fifth of the Phrygian scale.

She was coming down the steep mountain side,
 (Two strings knotted into one.)
 Vahi. Vahi. Vahi.

O my dear, why will you not marry me,
 Why will you not take the little shepherd?
 (Two strings knotted into one.)

I can not marry a shepherd lad
 Who hasn't even sandals of his own to wear.
 (Two strings knotted into one.)

10

The Bewitched One

Ἐσεῖς πουλιὰ τοῦ κάμπου καὶ τῆς Ρούμελης
 Ἄχ! δόλια ἡ μάνα μ'.
 Αὐτοῦ ψηλὰ ποῦ πᾶτε χαμηλώσετε
 Ἄχ! δόλια ἡ μάνα μ'.
 Γράμμα 'χω νὰ σᾶς δώσω
 'νὰ γράμμα μιὰ γραφή,
 νὰ πῆτε τῆς καλῆς μου τῆς ἀγαπητικῆς μου
 Ἄχ! πῶς δὲν ἔρχομαι. . .
 Κι' ἐπῆρα μιὰ γυναῖκα
 μάγισσας γενιὰ
 Ἄχ! δόλια ἡ μάνα μ'.
 Μαγεύει τὰ καράβια
 καὶ πὰ δὲν ἀρμενοῦν
 μ' ἐμάγεψε κι' ἐμένα
 Ἄχ! καὶ δὲν ἔρχομαι.
 Μ' ἐμάγεψε κι' ἐμένα
 καὶ δὲν ἔρχομαι
 Ἄχ! δόλια ἡ μάνα μ'.
 Ὅταν κινήσω νᾶρθω
 νὰ χιόνια νὰ βροχή!
 κι' ὅταν γυρίσω πίσω
 νὰ ἥλιος ξαστεριά.

This is the song of a Greek emigrant who has left his home and loved ones to seek a far country. There he finds new happiness awaiting him, but the ties of childhood are still strong enough to throng his mind with pictures of his home and yearnings for his first love. It is taken from a collection in which W. Synadino, a well-known Greek composer was engaged in making at the time of his death and which unhappily, remained incomplete.

You birds of the mountains and valleys
 You birds of my dear home-land
 My mother, my unhappy mother.

Fly not always so high in the sky,
 But come closer to the earth.
 My mother, my unhappy mother.

I would give thee a message for my love
 Tell her I can return no more to her.
 My mother, my unhappy mother.

Tell her I've found here another love
 Who must be the offspring of a witch,
 My mother, my unhappy mother.

She has bewitched the ships that they no more
 can sail
 And upon me she has also cast a spell,
 My mother, my unhappy mother.

No more can I return to you,
 For me she also has bewitched.

When I fain would take my leave
 Storms, snow and rain impede my path.

And when I'm forced back into her arms
 The world seems flooded with a light divine.

11

Come my dear

Μὰ τὶ τὸ θέλ' ἡ μάνα σου
 τὴ νύχτα τὸ λυχνάρι;
 Ἐλα, ἔλα, σὰν σοῦ λέγω
 μὴ μὲ τυραννῆς καὶ κλαίγω.
 Ἀφοῦ 'χει μέσ' στὸ σπίτι της
 τὸν ἥλιο τὸ φεγγάρι.
 Ἐλα, Ἐλα, πέρδικά μου
 στ' ἀγκαλάκια τὰ δικά μου!

Why does your mother need a miserable oil-
 lamp

With which to give light to her house?
 Come, come my dear, when I call to you,
 Be not so cruel to me, lest I should weep.

She has a far brighter light in her house
 She has the light of the sun and the moon in
 you.

Come, come my dear, when I call to you,
 Be not so cruel to me, lest I should weep.

(Written in the Hypo Phrygian mode.)

Magyars

The Magyar language belongs to the Ugro-Finnish branch of the large family of Uraltaic languages.

Its relationship to dialects spoken in the Ural Mountains, as well as with the Finnish the second in importance of this group, is so unmistakable that this was recognized by isolated scholars, prior to the scientific researches of modern philologists. This, however, was not scientifically established until the last decade of the last century.

The melodious and yet sharply accentuated Hungarian language finds admirable expression in the Hungarian music, which swings between the two extremes of deep melancholy and a Dionysian mirth. The real representatives of Hungarian music are the gypsies who are endowed with stupendous musical gifts. Without any real knowledge of the laws of harmony, they nevertheless, are able to make use of the most complicated melodic and harmonic progressions, in their improvisations, the majority of which are in the minor key. Impetuosity of expression and a languorous tenderness alternate in this music. The preferred instruments are the violin and the cymbal.

These four following folk-songs are of peculiar interest owing to the fact that they are striking examples of genuine, unadulterated folk-music, which has been transmitted and preserved only by oral tradition. They have never been printed but belong to the stock of folk-songs carried about in the memory of Mr. Bela Nyarvy, who has dictated them to the singer, like himself, a native Hungarian.

In order to preserve the unique national flavor of this music, the accompaniments will be played on the *Cembalom*, the national instrument of Hungary, belonging to the same family as our orchestral xylophone, but on a greatly magnified scale. Mr. Bela Nyary like most of the players on this instrument knows nothing of music as a science, relying entirely upon his ear for the complicated harmonies and rhythms.

MARGARETH HUSSAR, Soprano

BELA NYARY, Cimbalom

12

Lehullott a rezgő nyárfa Falling Leaves

Lehullott a rezgő nyárfa
Arany színű levele
Mind lehullott elsodorta
Azt az idő bús szele.
:|: Annak is volt egy levelèn
Ròzsàmtól az üzenet
Isten hozzàd édes
Isten hozzàd kedves
Együtt élnünk nem lehet :|:

The leaves are falling, falling from the trees;
One by one they slowly fall.
In one of them I found a message from my
sweetheart,
Which said: Goodbye, forever.
For, alas! we must part!

13

Hazunk előtt mennek The Soldiers go marching by Csardas.

Hazunk előtt mennekel a húszárok
Edes anyám en is közzéjük állok
:|: En leszek az első század szakaszvezető
Nem a vileg az a három esztendő :|:

The soldiers go marching by the house,
Stay me not, dear mother, for a soldier I will
be;
I will rise to the rank of a general,
Tho' I serve for many a year.

14

Temetőben lattalak neg először I saw you first in the church-yard

Temetőben lattalak megelőször
Mikor a jó édes anyád temettek
Ugy neztél ki fekete gyaz ruhában
Mint liliom sűrű erdő árnyában.

It was in the church-yard,
That I saw you for the first time;
On the day when you laid your dear mother to
rest;
And pale and pure like a white lily,
Your face rose out of the black of your gown.

Vörös bort ittam az ejjel
Drinking Song

Vörös bort ittam az èjjel ragyogó csillagom galambom	The whole night through, I was drinking red wine,
Most is részeg vagyok töle ragyogó csillagom galambom	My brain it was reeling, my pulses on fire. My dear sweetheart.
A lábamon alig alig állok még is szeretnek a lányok	Today I can scarcely stand or walk, But in spite of all that, the dear girls love me
Ragyogó csillagom galambom.	just the same.

ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONGS

The Roumanian language is an offshoot of the Romance languages in origin, inflections and vocabulary, but it also contains many elements taken over from the Bulgarian, Greek, Turkish, Magyar, Russian and German. The modern speech is also found largely interspersed with French and Italian expressions. Of great significance in any study of the origin of the Roumanian language, is the strong Albanian influence, which leads to the conclusion that the language must have had its beginnings in a region affording contact with the Albanians. Early Roumanian differs but little from modern Roumanian, although the dialects differ widely. As in the folk-songs of the other Balkan lands, the influence of the Orient is strongly felt also in the folk-song of Roumania. Aside from this the music is more influenced by Hungarian and Slavic than by the Romance idioms of France and Italy.

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID, A HOCK,
EMILIO BLAZEVIC and BERNARD OLSCHANSKI

Doua Fete Spala Lana
Two Girls Washing Wool

Colea'n vale ah! la fântână. Douë fete—spală lână.	At the fountain, down in the valley Two girls are washing wool.
Una spală si alta 'ndrugă Sa făcă neicutei glugă.	One is washing and singing, For she will make her lover a cap.

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID
A. HOCK and EMILIO BLAZEVIC

Pentru Tine Jano
For You, Jane

Pentru tine Jano, fata Jano, Jano Cheltuii averea to t Jano, Jano Tu boboc, eu boboc, Tu medin, eu medin Of! Amândoi sa ne iubim.	For you Jane, my girl Jane, I've spent all my money for you. You are pretty and I am good-looking And both of us young and full of life Let us love each other.
O șa te qui cărciummăreasa Jano, Jano La cărciuma boerească Jano, Jano Tu boboc, eu boboc, etc.	Your'e going to keep my house And make me a happy home For you are pretty, etc.
Cu calul plecai la tară Jano Jano Iapa lupii mio mancară Jano, Jano Tu boboc, eu boboc, etc.	I once had a large herd of cattle, But only one horse and a mare are left, But you are pretty, etc.

In Raristea

In raristea pe lănză vii
Te aștept iubită ca să vii
La umbra uncului din lan
Unde veneai acum un an.

Acum un an, e lunză vreme
Ah! când veneai fără să te cheme!
Veneai pe drum crai trudită
Cădeai la sâmu-mi obosită!

Zadarmie cere să mă jelesc
Căci nu mai să te iubesc
Răsună valea de amar
Să mai aștept eu zadar
Acum un an e lunza vreme, etc.

In the arbor by the vineyard,
There will I await you, love
Come, o come to the shade of the nut-tree!
A year is a long, long time

Then you came, I called you not
Sadly you came along the path
And fell wearily upon my breast.

In vain I try to reproach myself,
But my love for you is dead and gone;
The valley mourns with bitterness
But wait and watch for thee, I can not.

**MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID and
EMILIO BLAZEVIC**

Fămâ Doamne ce moi face

Fămâ doamne ce moi face
Tra-la-la-la-la;
Fămâ trestie pe baltă
Tra-la-la-la-la.
Să cresc subțire și iualtă
Tra-la-la-la-la.

Fămâ doamne ce moi face
Fămâ buciune de vie
Si mă aruncă iutro pustie.

Make of me, O God, what Thou wilt!
Make me a reed blown by the wind,
Let me shoot up tall and slender!

Make of me, O God, what Thou wilt!
Make me like the root of the grapevine
Or cast me out into a desert place!

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID

In padurea

In the Forest

Yată ssarta ne de spaarte
Să te ved așa mai dori
Cine știce sub ce piatră
Sub ce pom voi putrezi.

In pădurea înverzită
Să-mi săpați mormântu meu
Unde nue nici cruci nici piatră
Unde nu e p pământu grem.

A cruel fate tears us apart,
Could I but see you once again!
Under some stone or some tree of the forest.
My dust may soon be mouldering.

In the cool green forest
I prithee lay me to rest
Where there are neither stones nor crosses
And where the earth weighs not so heavily
upon me.

MILKA POLANZER-SCHNEID, EMILIO BLAZEVIC
and BERNARD OLSCHANSKY

21

Tarâncuta
Peasant Girl

Nu știu satul ce voieste
De tot zice așa și așa
Că ciocione mă iubeste
Că i sunt ibovnica.

Ah și mie ne mie nu mi pasă
La-să zicē tot mereu
Eu chiar mēine
Voi fi mireasă.

Alui Vladuț drăguțul meu
Isa-isa—, isao-sa.
Mereu moi cânta iha, iha, ihaha
Mereu voi juca.

I know not what the village folks are saving,
Perhaps that I belong to the rich Bojar.
But for all their gossip I care nothing.
Let them think and say what they will.
But as for me, this thing I know
That tomorrow I'll be the wife of my dear
Vladuc.

So let us dance and sing and merry be!

BERNARD OLSCHANSKY

22

Ardealanca
Transylvanian Folk-Song

Multi lacrimi am vărsat
Făceam o fantăna'n săt.
Fântână cu trei isvóre
Cine bes din ea să móră.

Să bea dusmanca mea
Să plesnească fierea'n ea
Să bea iubitul meu
Să mil tie Dumnedeu.

Batá'l crucea p'impăratu
Că mi cătăniț bărbatu
Nu mi l'a cătăniț bine
Că el vine tot la mine.

Many tears I have wept,
As I worked on the fountain
The fountain has three sources,
And who drinks of its waters, will die.

I wish it might be my rival
And then she would surely die,
I also wish that my love would drink,
But God keep him from harm.

Down with all tyrants,
Because my lover was called to war,
The tyrant's task is easy
For he can stay at home.

MILKA TOLANZER-SCHNEID, A. HOCK,
EMILIO BLAZEVIC and BERNARD OLSCHANSKI

23

Am un neu si vreau sa'l beau

Am un leu și vreau să'l beau
Tra-la-la-la-la.
Nici acela nu'î al meu
Tra-la-la-la-la.
Darce'mi pasă mie dēu
Dacă fac cu el ce vreau
Tra-la-la, I-ha. ha. ha.

Sunt flăcăi mai mulți d'o mie
Tra la etc.
Care 'mî face curte mie
Tra la la etc.
Dar ce'mî pasă mie dēu?
Daca nui cine vrēu eu?
tra la la etc.
Iha. ha. ha.

This is a song of hilarious character, to which the English version is lacking.

HEBREW

The Hebrew folk-songs presented in this program are written in the Jewish dialect, known as Yiddish.

The Jews who left Germany and wandered eastward after the persecutions of the Middle Ages, showed great tenacity in holding to their High German tongue. This was gradually interspersed with Hebraic and Talmudic expressions and other foreign influences, and this rather heterogeneous dialect became the written and spoken language of the Jewish people, and all folk-literature of a religious character was written in this dialect.

When the persecutions ceased and the stream of the Jewish population began to flow westward again, this dialect maintained itself and is still the conversational language of many Jews in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bosnia, Serbia, Roumania, Germany, Holland, England, and America. A similar mixed dialect, known as "Ladino", is used by Spanish Jews who have settled in the Orient.

The folk-songs given here display Russian and German influence in the melodic line and it will be noticed that almost all of them are written in a minor key.

Mr. Brounoff, the collector and arranger of these songs writes as follows: "This first volume of Jewish folk-songs selected from the 250 which I have collected, will suffice to show the beautiful soul and emotion the Jews possess. These songs should be taken up by the Jew, young and old, and especially by the younger generation, and again brought back into the family circle, singing them at every occasion.

I must thank the following persons, who sang for me these songs during my researches in the East Side of New York city: these are—Mr. B. Kassel, M. Goldstein, B. Resnik and I. Slonim."

No. 24-31. From "Jewish Folk Songs": Fifty Songs collected, harmonized and arranged by Platon Brounoff.

DEVORA NADVORNY

24

אך, ניט גוט,
איד האב ניט קיין מוט
עס געהט מיר ניט איין מיין לעבען;
ווי שלעכט איז מיר
אז מען האט דיר
פאר א סאלדאט אפגעגעבען!
ס'נעהמט מיר אן א שרעק,
אז מע טרייבט דיר אוועק
פון מיר אזוי ווייט,
טא ווי זאל איד קענען אהן דיר אויסקומען
אזא לאנגע צייט?

איד בעט דיר מיין געטרייע
דו בלייבסט דאך א פריי,
דו טהוסט דאך אין דער היים פערבלייבען;
בעט איד דיר
האב מיטלייד מיט מיר
דו זאלסט א בריוועלע שרייבען!
אז איד וועל בלייבען אליין
וועט מיר ניט איינגעהן
קיין עסען און קיין שלאפען;
און דו, מיין קריין,
פערגיס קיין געוויין,
און טהו אויף מיר האפען!

Oh, how bad,
My life is so sad,
So lonely and woeful my day
I cry, I weep,
My pain is so deep,
As a soldier you've been taken away.
My fright is so strong,
You are driven along,
Driven so far from me;
So what shall I do,
Oh, do without you
What will my life then be,

Ai-li-lu Sleep

איילעליוליע, שלאָף,
 מיין ליבעס קינד!
 מאַך־זשע צו די אויגעלעך
 און שטעה אויף געזונד.
 מאַך זיי צו
 און מאַך זיי אָפּען,
 געזונטינקער־הייט
 זאָלסטו שלאָפּען!
 דינע יונגע יאהרעלעך
 בין איך דיר מקנא.
 וועסט דאָך זיין אַ גרויסניקער,
 וועסט דאָך זיין אַ תנא;
 וועסט דינע עלטערן
 באַציערען און בעשיינען—
 פאַסט דאָך נישט פאַר דיר,
 זאָלסט פישטשענען און וויינען.

Ai-lie-lu-lu sleep
 Baby, baby dear,
 Close your pretty, tiny eyes
 Wake with eyes so clear;
 Close your eyes
 And open again
 May you never
 Know of pain.

Oh, your young, young years
 How I envy.
 When you grow up my child
 A scholar you will be.
 Parents you will honor,
 Sing of them with gladness;
 Sleep, and may you never
 Fill my heart with sadness.

There Once was told a Story

אַ מאַל איז געווען אַ מעשה,
 די מעשה איז גאָר נישט פרעהלעך;
 די מעשה הויבט זיך אָנ־עט
 מיט אַ אידישען מלך.
 ליולינקע, מיין פייגעלע,
 ליולינקע, מיין קינד!
 כ'האָב אנגעוואָרען אזא ליעבע,
 וועה איז מיר און ווינד!
 אַ מאַל איז געווען אַ מלך,
 דער מלך האָט געהאַט אַ מלכה,
 די מלכה האָט געהאַט אַ וויינגארטען.
 ליולינקע, מיין קינד!
 ליולינקע, מיין פייגעלע, א. ז. וו.
 דער וויינגארטען האָט געהאַט אַ בוים,
 דער בוים האָט געהאַט אַ צווייג,
 דער צווייג האָט געהאַט אַ נעסטעלע,
 ליולינקע, מיין קינד!
 ליולינקע, מיין פייגעלע, א. ז. וו.

There once was told a story,
 The story is not so gay;
 The tale begins and deals with
 A Jewish king in glory.
 Lu-lu-lu my little birdie,
 Lu-lin-ke my child,
 I've lost a dear, dear lover,
 My heart with woe is wild.

Once there was a king,
 The king, he had a queen,
 The queen she had a vineyard,
 Lulinke, my child.
 Lu-lu-lu, my little birdie, etc.

The vineyard had a tree,
 The tree had a branch
 The branch had a nest
 Lulinke, my child.
 Lu-lu-lu, my little birdie, etc.

God Almighty

אך טי רבנו של עולם,
זאטשעם טי ניע סמאטריש,
זאטשעם טי ניע ווידיש
מר גלותנו, מר גלותנו!
—מר גלותנו בערעבודיעם,
לארצנו פארט פאדיאם!
פאדיאם לארצנו,
ושם נאדיאם אדוננו,
ושם נאדיאם בוראנו,
ושם נאדיאם גואלנו!
—סינקו, סינקו, ניע ביעדוי,
סוואיע סערדצע ניע זאפסוי!
בענרזע מאטקא וויקופליאנא,
בענרזשע חאטקא וויבודאוואנא,
באגדוי מאגדרי, פאטשי קאנצא!

Oh, you God Almighty!
Why do you not look?
Why do you not see
Our sorrow in exile (bis)
From our exile,
We'll be delivered
To our land
We'll go at last;
We'll go
To our land;
We'll find
Down there
You, our Lord, our God.
Down there
We'll find
Our Creator;
There, oh, there,
We will find
Our salvation.
Son of mine, son of mine,
Do not be gloomy,
Do not be downcast
Child, my dear.
Our land of yore,
Will yet be ours,
And our temple
We shall yet build
Who laughs last
He laughs best!

BERNARDO OLSCHANSKI

לאלהי אש

As a Flame of Fire

ווי א שטראהל פייער
האט מיין הארצען אנגעצונדען:
און ווער קען שוין זיין ביי מיר טייער,
און ווער קען שוין היילען מייןע וואונדען?
מעהר ניט ווי איינער
קען שוין היילען מיין וואונד,
מעהר ווי גאט איז ניט איינער
ער קען מיר ראטעווען אצינד!
מיט א קורצע צייט צוריק
עס האט מיר געשפיעלט מיין גליק,
ווער איז געווען גלייך צו מיר?
ווען איך בין געזעסען צוזאמען מיט דיר!

As a flame of fire
My heart is fiercely burning
Who can be dear to me now,
Who can stop my yearning?
There is but one, there is but one
Who can stop my pain;
There is but one, there is but one
God is his holy name.

But a short time ago,
Who could compare with me?
I sat with you, felt so well,
Was happy and full of glee.
And now I sit and weep and mourn
My love is far from me,
I can not tell my parents "why",
But alone I'll always be.

לא לא לא לא לא
Wedding Songs

ניט קיין געבעטענע
אליין געקומען—
האטש אן ארעמע
פאָרט אַ מומע (1)
געגעבען א פיימעלע —
צוגענומען!
(2) שפיעלט א סעמענע
פאר א מומען! (3)
שפיעלט מיר א סעמענע
ניט קיין קאזאצקע
איד בין אן ארעמע
אבער א כוואטסקע!

Not invited
Still I came,
Though a pauper
An aunt all the same.

Strike up a jolly song
Drum, fife and fiddle,
Aunt will go a-dancing
Oh diddle-diddle-diddle.

30

דעם בעל-עגלה'ס ליעד
The Driver's Song

וואָלט איד געווען א ציגיינער,
האָב איד ניט קיין בער,
וואָלט איד געווען א שניידער
האָב איד ניט קיין שער,
און די פערדלאך געהען ניט
און די רעדער דרעהען ניט
און אביסעל משקה ווילט זיך
און די ווייב שילט זיך
געפין מיר זיך אויס א שטיין
זיין איד דאָרט און וויין!
וואָלט איד געווען א סחר
האָב איד ניט קיין סחורה
וואָלט איד געווען א רב
האָב איד ניט קיין תורה
און די רעדער א. ז. וו.
וואָלט איד געווען א שמיר
האָב איד ניט קיין קאווארלע,
וואָלט איד געווען א שיינקער
איז מיין ווייב א פארלע.
און די רעדער א. ז. וו.

Should I be a tailor?
Oh, I have no needle,
Should I be a fiddler,
Oh, I have no fiddle.
And the wheel
Turneth not,
And the horse
Goeth not,
And a drink is wanted;
And by my wife I'm hunted,
Oh, therefore on a stone,
I sit me down and moan.

Should I be a merchant?
Oh, I have no store.
Should I be a Rabbi?
I don't know the holy lore.
And the wheel
Turneth not,
Etc.

האב איך א פאר אקסען

I have a Pair of Poodles

האב איך א פאר אקסען, אקסען
וואס זיי בראקען לאקשען,
אך, וואונדער
ליעבער וואונדער
ווי די אקסען
בראקען לאקשען
דאס איז מיר א וואונדער!
האב איך א פאר בערען
וואס זיי שטיבער קעהרען,
אך, וואונדער
ליעבער וואונדער
ווי די בערען
שטיבער קעהרען
דאס איז מיר א וואונדער!
האב איך א פאר ציגען, ציגען
וואס זיי קינדער וויגען,
אך, וואונדער,
ליעבער וואונדער א. ז. וו.

I have a pair of poodles,
That are cutting noodles;
Oh, wonder,
God what wonder!
That the poodles
Cut the noodles,
Isn't it a wonder!
Isn't it a wonder!

I have a pair of kittens
That are making mittens
Oh, wonder,
God what wonder!
That the kittens
Make the mittens, etc.

I have a pair of goats,
That are building boats,
Oh, wonder,
God what wonder!
That the goats
Are building boats. etc.

The Albanians are to be regarded as the representatives of the primitive Illyrian population of the peninsula, and for that reason the popular idiom used in Albania is of great interest to philologists, as it is the only surviving remnant of Thraco-Illyrian speech and undoubtedly belongs to the Indo-European family. Certain analogies between the Albanian idiom and the other languages of the peninsula, particularly the Bulgarian and the Roumanian, point to the influence exercised by the primitive speech upon the idioms of the immigrant races.

Owing to the large field of folk literature to be covered in the course of these concerts, it has been found impossible to present the folk-songs of Albania.

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GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION

FIFTEEN



CONCERTS

GIVEN BY THE

PEOPLE'S MUSIC LEAGUE OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

**UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MAX MERZ ASSISTED BY
REINHOLD WARLICH**

**SIX CENTURIES OF FOLK SONGS
OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA**

**Fifteenth Evening
Tuesday, April 29th
U. S. of America**

Artists: Natalie Curtis, Soprano; Julia Henry, Soprano; Matja Niessen-Stone, Contralto, Reinhold Warlich, Baritone; The Clef Club of New York; Maurice Eisner, Piano.

OUR CONCERTS

By MAX MERZ

The Fifteen Folk-Song Concerts have now been brought to a close and in view of the fact that this is the first time, at least to my knowledge—that anything of this kind has been attempted a survey of the undertaking as a whole may not prove unwelcome to those who have followed the development of the plan with sympathetic interest.

At the very outset, it is necessary to emphasize one thought, namely: That these are not to be regarded as concerts in the ordinary sense, but rather events, which, in the last analysis, were intended to stimulate the general public to self-activity, to give an impulse to independent study of the folk-song, in the hope, thereby, of counteracting the ever-increasing encroachments of social conditions dominated by Industrialism and Commercialism.

Our purpose was never that of securing the best possible interpretation of certain songs by some well-known "star", but to penetrate into the life and soul of 30 different peoples, who whatever manifestations they may have given of late of racial hatred and jealousies, nevertheless possess a common heritage of folk-song, in which is expressed the same fundamental views of life, however varied the idiom.

But let us now consider the concerts from a purely technical standpoint.

The following table indicates the contents of the fifteen programs as well as that of the preceding Christmas concert given on Dec. 27. 1918.

A.— <i>Romance Languages</i>	108 songs:	French	67 songs
		Spanish	8 "
		Italian	23 "
		Roumanian	8 "
B.— <i>Anglo-Celtic Languages</i>	60 songs:	English	34 "
(<i>Welsh, Hebrides, Irish, Manx</i>)		Keltic	26 "
C.— <i>Scandinavian Languages</i>	33 songs:	Icelandic	2 "
		Swedish	20 "
		Norwegian	5 "
		Danish	6 "
D.— <i>Dutch-German</i>	76 songs:	Dutch-Flemish	23 "
		German	53 "
E.— <i>Slav</i>	71 songs:	Russian	13 "
		Ukrainian	14 "
		Polish	5 "
		Czech	16 "
		Slovenian	5 "
		Serbian	5 "
		Croatian	6 "
		Bulgarian	7 "
		Lithuanian	2 "
F.— <i>Greek</i>	4 songs:	Greek	4 "
G.— <i>Ugro-Finnish</i>	18 songs:	Finnish	8 "
		Esthonian	6 "
		Hungarian	4 "
H.— <i>Basque</i>	4 songs:	Basque	4 "
I.— <i>Hebrew</i>	8 songs:	Yiddish	8 "
J.— <i>American</i>	26 songs:	English	11 "
		Indian	6 "
		Negro	9 "

408 songs in 31 languages.

36 soloists—18 women and 18 men, 4 choral societies, 5 pianists and 3 lecturers participated in the 16 programs.

Of the 408 songs, sung in 31 languages (and more than 40 dialects), 305 were solos, 19 duetts, 20 terzets, 64 quartettes. The majority of the ensemble numbers were especially arranged for these concerts. The program books contained the songs in the original language, with either an English translation or indication of the contents, six articles, about 200 notes of musical or historical character, and a bibliographical list of 300 collections of folk-songs, used in gathering material for these concerts, and the greater part of which were found in the music department of the N. Y. Public Library at 42nd Street. It is estimated that 21,000 persons were in attendance at these concerts.

Everyone who read carefully the foreword printed in the program book of the opening concert knows the purpose of the Peoples Institute in arranging these concerts. It was to bring the Folk-song back to the people, and to wean them away from the coarser pleasures of the day, by heightening their appreciation of this serious and beautiful folk-poetry.

Anyone who has ever heard these sad and gay folk-tunes sung in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, in the forests skirting Vienna, on the plains of Hungary, or in the Swiss Alps, who has listened to the German "Wandervögel" tramping through the Black Forest, to the strains of some old folk-song, or heard the sweet songs of the Venetian gondoliers, has known and felt the magic of the poesy that lives in the heart of a people. Indian tribes, that are rapidly becoming extinct, still chant their songs of victory, and Thanksgiving, and in these songs, practically all that remains to them of their tribal existence, they pour out their folk-soul.

It may not be out of place to give here the gist of a conversation, bearing upon the subject of the folk-song in America, which I had with an acquaintance recently, as it embodies the outstanding ideas of an important cultural movement.

Question: What steps should be taken to stimulate the appreciation and cultivation of the folk-song in America?

Answer: First of all, by arousing an interest in this music in the schools.

Question: Has America a real folk-song literature?

Answer: Every people has its own folk-songs and America is no exception. Several valuable collections have already been made one of which specialized with the Kentucky Mountain folk-songs and another with the Negro folk-songs. H. E. Krehbiel has written a valuable work on this subject entitled: "Afro-American Folk-Songs", published by G. Schirmer.

The Indian folk-songs, the earliest and most primitive folk-music of America, are too exclusive in character to be widely known among the general musical public. Aside from these native groups there is the folk-song literature of the entire white race as represented by the large foreign elements which have gradually been incorporated into the national organism of the United States.

Question: What was the purpose and what the result of the Fifteen Folk-Song concerts of Europe and North America?

Answer: The Cooper Union concerts were arranged for the purpose of increasing the appreciation of the folk-song among the larger masses and stimulating the public to cultivate this noble and beautiful music. But above all things, it was with a view of making plain to the public the vast difference between the so-called vaudeville or street tunes and the spontaneous expression of the folk-soul. In principle, at least, we are able to say that this has been accomplished. Approximately 21,000 people have attended these concerts and listened to 400 songs sung in 30 different languages or dialects growing out of these languages. Each one of these languages is in practical use in America, which should insure continued interest in this movement.

Question: Do we not come here in conflict with the present movement for unifying the national language, in other words, with the Americanization idea?

Answer: Not in the least! If we examine this question closely, we shall see that the cultivation of the folk-song in this country is a purely aesthetical one, and as such, is of the greatest importance for the cultural progress of the country. At every step of the way it has been found the entire folk-art of the European nations displays the assimilation of foreign elements. Naturally, the chief thing is the *assimilation* of these elements.—Let us ask ourselves the practical question: Is it better that an Ukrainian emigrant, for example, with the aid of this half-learned English, should join in the pursuit of the almighty dollar, leaving his soul to the mercy of the Sunday recreation of the suburban vaudeville or moving pictures, and thereby forget everything of higher value he has acquired during the slow processes of nature—or that he, should receive here in his adopted home, mental and spiritual stimulus from pleasures of this character, which, moreover, have absolutely nothing in common with narrow national chauvinism.

Question: Can you suggest some practical way by which such higher values may be cultivated?

Answer: One of the most effective means would be for the state to take active interest in such movements, hitherto promoted by private individuals or organizations such as the American Folk-Lore Society, the People's Institute and thousands of detached groups of cultured and music-loving people.

Question: Would this not be carrying the idea too far?

Answer: Not if it were done systematically, by which I mean that the state should confine its activities to certain practical phases of the question, such as undertaking the publication of collections of folk-songs and other literature designed to give the masses a clearer idea of the earlier customs and traditions of the people of many lands, and to do this in a manner at once scientific and yet well within the grasp of the general public.

In this there need be no intention of imitating these old customs and traditions, but merely to draw stimulus and inspiration from them.

Nature is continually creating something new and yet she always utilizes that which is already at hand. Love for poesy and art, which includes a love for folk-art, must go hand in hand with a love of nature, for nature has no more spontaneous and highly sensitized

medium of expression than the folk-song. No better way could be found to inculcate in a child an appreciation of art in its higher aspects, than to awaken in his mind a love for the art that has had its spontaneous growth in the hearts of the common people.

Question: How can this appreciation of folk-song best be achieved?

Answer: By extending the movement begun here in New York to other cities and towns in the United States. In arranging these programs I have had in mind the further development of the movement and have endeavored so to present this survey of the folk-song literature of Europe and North America, that any serious student of the subject, will have mapped out for him a line of work. I hear that a number of cities are planning to give similar series and while this is very gratifying, a word of warning must be sounded. Nothing would be easier than to give a distorted picture of this really big idea, unless the greatest care was taken in eliminating any thought of commercialized art and emphasis laid strictly upon the purely educational and easthetical value of the movement.

Of one thing we may be sure and that is that genuine folk-poesy is of too healthy and sound a stock to permit itself to be treated as a courtesan, but the danger lies in the utilization of the trade-mark "folk-song". What rubbish of all sorts has not sailed under the name of "folk-song?"

And who is able to decide upon its authenticity? The people themselves? No, at least, not until the public has been taught discrimination. The singers? Sometimes, but not always.

Question: Who may then be considered the rightful person or persons to take the lead in a movement of this sort?

Answer. The scientifically trained musical theorist, who is endowed with healthy musical literary insiinct. It is a pity that the musicians do not manifest a little more interest in the welfare of the people if only from a feeling of social responsibility. In thus benefitting the people, they would also be benefitting themselves. Of primary importance is the training of singing teachers for the public schools and this, in the last analysis, is the business, or should be the business of the state.

In bringing these concerts to a close, we wish to express our appreciation on those who have co-operated with us in the work of preparing the programs:

To *Miss Caroline V. Kerr*, for the difficult task of translating or editing the texts of the songs as well as other material, in the way of explanatory notes and articles that have formed a regular part of the program. Owing to the circumstance that these concerts were arranged from week to week, and that each program dealt with an entirely new language or group of languages, the work had to be done under the highest pressure, thereby increasing the editorial difficulties.

Thanks are also due the *Language Printery* for the zeal and patience displayed in the programs. Owing to the very perceptible shortage in skilled labor during the winter months, it was often a matter of physical impossibility to secure the desired accuracy in the programs. Indulgence is therefore asked for the mistakes that crept into the programs, which were made avoidable by the short intervening period and the technical difficulties connected with the printing of so many foreign languages.

Those interested in the systematic study of folk-poesy, both in word and tone, will find a wealth of available material in the New York Public Library at Forty-Second Street. It would be manifestly impossible to include a detailed list of these publications within the limited space of these program books, but all desired information in regard to popular and scientific works on this subject may be obtained from the card index at the library. But in the Music Division, Reference Department are to be found the following collections of American Folk Songs:

- 1 Barton William E. Old Plantation Hymns. 1899.
- 2 Chaff Gumbo. "The Ethiopian Glee Book", a collection of popular Negro Melodies. 1848.
- 3 Commuck Thomas. Indian Melodies. 1845.
- 4 Curtis Natalie. "The Indian Book". 1907.
- 5 Curtis Natalie. Songs of Ancient America.
- 6 Curtis Natalie. Negro Folk Songs. 1918.
- 7 Densmore Frances. "Chippewa Music" I., II. 1910-13.
- 8 Densmore Frances. Teton Sioux Music. 1918.
- 9 Fletcher Alice. Indian Story and Song. 1906.
- 10 Gill Josephine Mc. Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains. 1917.
- 11 Hallowell Emily. "Calhoun, Plantation Songs. 1901.
- 12 "Jubilee and Plantation Songs," as sung by the Hampton Students.
- 13 Lincoln Iairus. Anti Slavery Melodies. 1843.
- 14 Genner, Rathbun and Cleaveland. Cabin and Plantation Songs. 1901.
- 15 Porter Grace. Cleveland Negro Folk Singing Games. 1914.
- 16 "Slave Songs of the United States. 1867.
- 17 Wyman Loraine and Howard Brockway. "Lonesome Tunes". 1916.

Program

SONGS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Collected from the singing of Indians on the different reservations by Natalie Curtis. Text and notes reprinted from "The Indians' Book", by courtesy of Harper & Bros.

Even as the Red Man is a race distinct, so is his music wholly individual among the races of mankind. In ritual of poetry and song is enshrined for the Indian his worship, his history, and the whole unwritten literature of his people. There is scarcely an event great or small, scarcely a task, light or grave, but has its fitting song. Song is to be Red Man not only of sacred and ceremonial usage, but a constant singularly important expression of existence itself,—so important, that certain songs are bequeathed in dying, or handed down in families as treasured possessions. In the music of its aborigenes, America holds a rich and almost untouched field of inspiration.

N. C.

NATALIE CURTIS

1

Victory Song. (Pawnee.)

(Free Metrical Translation.)

Rerawha-a
Rerawha-a
Rerawha-a rera e

Yo!

They are coming,
They are coming
Lo, the victor hosts, ya he—

Yo!

Para riku ratutah
Rerawha-a rera e

Yo!

Forth to meet them go the women
With the rising sun, ya he—

Yo!

Para riku ratutah
Rerawha-a rera e

Yo!

Like to these who how are coming,
With the rising sun, ya he—

Yo!

Rasakura rukuksa rerawh-a
Rerawha-a
Rerawha-a
Rerawha-a
Rerawha-a rera e

Yo!

Now the sun,
Hast sent to earth his hosts of sunbeams
Swiftly speeding
Who are coming
Who are coming
With the rising sun, ya he—

Yo!

Rasakura rura whia
Rerawha-a rera e.

Radiant now the warrior's triumph
In the rising sun.

Yo!

In this song, the warriors are returning from war just as the sun rises. The women go forth to meet the victors, who are coming all splendidly decked and painted. The rays of the rising sun touch the earth and speed swiftly over the ground until they shine upon the victors. The hidden meaning of the song is the victorious power of the sun, of whose conquering rays the warriors are the human symbols.

In the first stanza, the "many coming" are the warriors, in the second, the sunbeams are meant.

2

Aotzi No-otz.

Song of Victory.

(Cheyenne)

Honih-hio
Tsi-wona-atz
Imio-missi-yo.

Come ye, Fast ye.
Wolves in the dawn's light
Are eating.

This song was sung and told by Chief Honihi-Wotoma or "Wolf-Robe". It tells of the triumphant Cheyennes, who have left their slain enemies to the wolves. It is also descriptive of the Cheyenne, himself, who on the war-path must be as the wolf, often hungry, lone and enduring.

3

Songs of the South-east.

Corn-Grinding Song.

Amitola tsina-u-unc
 Elu, elu toma wahane
 Kiawulokia pena wulokia.
 Kesi liwamani
 Hliten iyane.
 Kesi liwamani
 Hlapi hanan iyane.

Letekwan atowa.
 Awuwakia litla.
 Hi yai-elu.

Yonder, yonder see the fair rainbow,
 See the rainbow brightly decked and painted.
 Now the swallow bringeth glad news to your
 corn,
 Singing "Hitherward, hitherward, hitherward,
 rain,"
 Hither come".
 Singing, "hitherward, hitherward, hitherward,
 white cloud,"
 "Hither come".
 Now hear the corn plants murmur,
 "We are growing everywhere."
 Hi yai. The world, how fair.

In this song sung by the Zuni Indians, the rainbow is imagined as the Rainbow Youth, and he is described as "brightly decked and painted". The swallow is the summoner of rain. The Zuni says "he sings for rain".

Zuni is one of the most famed of all the Pueblos. It is now agreed that the Seven Cities of Gibola, chronicled by the Spanish discoverers were identical with the habitations of the Zunis. Corn is the main sustenance of the Pueblo people. It is ground by the women in stone grinding troughs called "matates". The woman kneels to the work and sways back and forth with rhythmic swing. As she grinds she sings. In Zuni at such gatherings, the youths sometimes sing, or play the flute and drum while the maidens ply the stones and later all join in a dance.

N. C.

4

Korosta Katzina Tawi.

Karosta Katzine Song.

Ceremonial Dance Song of the Hopi.

Sikya volimu
 Humisi manatu
 Talasi yammu
 Pitzangwa timakiang
 Tuve-nanuyimani.

Shakwa volimu
 Mozhis manatu
 Talasi yammu
 Tuve-nanguyimani.

Humisi manatu
 Amunawita
 Tatangayatu
 Tokiyuyuwintani.

Mozhis
 Amunawita
 Tatangayatu
 Tokiyuyuwintani.

Umah uyi
 Amunwit
 Yoi-umumutimani
 Tawanawita.

Yellow butterflies,
 Over the blossoming virgin corn
 With pollen-painted faces
 Chase one another in brilliant throng.

Blue butterflies,
 Over the blossoming virgin beans
 With pollen-painted faces
 Chase one another in brilliant stream.

Over the blossoming corn,
 Over the virgin corn
 Wild bees hum.

Over the blossoming beans
 Over the virgin beans
 Wild bees hum.

Over your field of growing corn
 All day shall hang the thunder-cloud;
 Over your field of growing corn
 All day shall come the rushing rain.

No one had as yet heard this song when its author, a young poet, Koianimptiwa, first offered to sing it for the recorder. He had just composed it for a coming dance in May "Corn-Planting Time", a "Korosta Katzina Dance", in which the katsinas wear masks whereon is painted the rainbow. Said Koianimptiwa: "my song is about the butterflies flying over the cornfields and beans. Even as the Hopis paint their faces for a ceremonial dance so have the butterflies painted themselves with pollen for their flight over the corn-blossoms. The little tender shoots of young corn are called "virgins or "maidens" and when the corn is grown and bears fruit, it is called the "mother-corn".

N. C.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

The "spirituals" are the prayer songs of the American negro through which the aspirations, the emotions, and the religious faith of the race were expressed during the dark years of slavery. They were expressed in music so eloquent and stirring that the heritage of these old songs must ever be one of the most precious possessions of the American people

N. C.

The text and notes of the first two Spirituals are from "Negro Folk-Songs" Book I., recorded for Hampton Institute by Natalie Curtis, Courtesy of G. Schirmer.

CLEF CLUB MALE QUARTETTE

5

Do Down, Moses.

Go down, Moses',
Way down Egyp' Lan',
Tell ol' Pharaoh'
Le' ma people' go.

When Israel was in Egyp' Lan',
Le' ma people' go.
Oppress' so hard dey could not stan',
Le' ma people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said:
Le' ma people go.
If not I'll smite your first-born dead
Le' ma people go.

"This song is full of the quality of elemental drama that underlies primitive music born of profound emotion. It is one of the best known Spirituals and deserves to rank with the great songs of the world. . . The melody may be very old and although its origin is as yet untraced, Hebrews have recognized in this Negro Song an old Jewish Chant "*Cain and Abel*", while the Negroes, on their side, have identified the Hebrew song with their own "Go down, Moses". This may be but a musical coincidence or more probably, one of the many instances of how different peoples, influenced by analogous conditions, ((climatic or cultural) react artistically in similar ways to the stimulus of nature. . . . The American Negro verses were born of slavery in this country. In the sorrows of Israel in Egypt, oppressed and in bondage, the Negro drew a natural poetic analogy to his own fate.

6

Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.

An' I couldn't hear nobody pray,
O Lord!
Couldn't hear nobody pray

O—way down yonder
By myself,

I couldn't hear nobody pray.

In the valley,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
On my knees,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
With my burden,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
An' my Saviour,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
O Lord!

Chilly waters,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
In the Jerdan,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
Crossing over,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
Into Canaan,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.
O Lord!

Hallelujh!
Couldn't hear nobody pray,
Troubles over,
Couldn't hear nobody pray,
In the Kingdom,
Couldn't hear nobody pray,
With my Jesus,
Couldn't hear nobody pray,
O Lord!

The lyric beauty of this music is equalled by the poetic suggestion of the words, which bring before the hearer the emotions of the lonely soul. . . sometimes such as song reflects a genuine experience, a real prayer in the valley; sometimes an inner event is expressed in allegory. Indeed, the "valley" in many a Negro song, is the symbolic place of prayer and of sadness and struggle, as the mountain-top is that of exaltation. . ."

N. C.

Little David.

Little David, play on yo' harp,
Hallelu. Hallelu.
Little David, play on yo' harp,
Hallelu.

Little David was a shepherd boy,
He killed Goliah and shouted for joy:
Chorus:
Little David, play on yo' harp, etc.

Joshus was the son of Nun,
He never would quit 'til the work was done,
Little David, play on yo' harp, etc.

Nos. 8, 10 are from the collection "Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains": Twenty traditional ballads and other English folk-songs, notated from the singing of the Kentucky Mountain people, arranged by Josephine McGill.

Introductory Note by H. E. Krehbiel. (Boosey and Co.)

In this introductory note, Mr. Krehbiel attributed the phenomenon that the words and tunes of several English ballads have been handed down orally for generations among the mountaineers of Kentucky, to the circumstance that there had been a larger survival of the old English and Scottish ballads in the mountainous regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas than elsewhere in the country because of the isolation in which the inhabitants lived. Mr. Krehbiel also refers to these songs as "*Wandering Ballads*" a demonstration of which has been given twice during the course of these concerts.

Such is also the conclusion of Miss McGill, who "finds in remote sections of the world, melodic survivals ancestry whose can be traced to far distant lands and climes. . . Shut off in his mountain fastnesses, the Kentucky mountaineer has preserved as a proud heritage many traditional ballads and fine old English and Scotch folk-songs brought to America by his colonial ancestor. The present collection was made in the autumn of 1914, in the heart of the mountain region—many miles from the nearest railroad. . . ."

NATJA NIESSEN STONE

The Forsaken Girl.

Kentucky Mountain Song

I walked out one morning so early in spring,
To hear the small birds whistle and the night-
ingales sing;
It was all at a distance, I heard a sad moan,
"I am a poor strange girl and far from my
home.

O William, O William, it's for your sake alone,
That I left my poor father and mother to
mourn;
That I left my poor father and mother to
mourn;
I am a poor strange girl and far from my
home.

O don't you remember last Saturday night,
The words you said as you sat by my side?
You told me you loved me, your heart lay in
my breast,
That unless we got married you never could
rest.

I'll build me a castle on yon mountain so high,
Where the wild geese can see me as they do
pass by;
Where the turtle dove can hear me and help
me to mourn,
For I am a poor strange girl and far from
my home."

Nos. 9, 11, 20, 21, 22 are from the "Lonesome Tunes": Folk-songs from the Kentucky Mountains. Words collected and edited by Loraine Wyman; pianoforte accompaniment by Howard Brockway. Published by the H. W. Gray Co., New York.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SONGS.

Miss Wyman says of this collection: In publishing this collection, we wish it to be primarily an impression of Kentucky music, that is to say, songs reproduced, as nearly as possible, as we heard them sung by the people, regardless of their extraneous defects. To correct these melodies and to perfect the poetic versions would be to give them a totally different character. Our main effort has been to give the simplicity and naivete which is the great quality of these mountain songs.

9

Bede-time-song

Saw a crow a flying low
Kitty alon
Kitty alone-a-lie
And a cat a-spinning taw
Rock-a-marry-a-ree.

In came the little bee
With some honey on his knee.

In came the little flea
With a fiddle on his knee.

In came the little rat
With some butter and some fate
Kitty alone, etc.

10

The Cherry Tree.

Kentucky Mountain Song

As Joseph and Mary were walking one day
Here are apples, here are cherries, enough to
behold.

The Jesus spoke a few words, a few words
spoke He,
"Let my mother have some cherries, bow low
down Cherry Tree".

Then Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and so
mild,
"Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am
with child."

The cherry tree bowed low down, bowed low
down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph
stood around.

Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,
"Let the father of the child gather cherries
for thee".

Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee,
"O tell me little baby, when Thy birthday will
be".

"The sixth day of January my birthday will
be,
When the stars in the elements shall tremble
with glee".

The Cambridge Edition of Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads gives two versions of this song, in the first of which the opening stanza appears thus:

"Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green
Where was berries and cherries as thick as might be seen."

The Barnyard Song

I fed a cat and the cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

I had a hen,
Hen goes chimmy-chuck.

I had a duck,
Duck goes quack-quack.

I had a goose,
Goose goes swishy-swashy.

I had a sheep,
Sheep goes ba-ba.

I had a hog,
Hog goes griffy-gruffy.

I had a cow,
Cow goes moo-moo.

I had a horse,
Horse goes neigh-neigh.

I had a dog and the dog pleased me,
I fed my dog under yonder tree.
Dog goes bow-wow,
Horse goes neigh-neigh,
Cow goes moo-moo,
Hog goes griffy-gruffy,
Sheep goes ba-ba,
Goose goes swishy-swashy,
Duck goes quack-quack,
Hen goes chimmy-chuck chimmy-chuck,
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

REINHOLD WARLICH

Edward.

This song is from the collection "American-English Folk-Songs", collected in the Southern Appalachians and arranged with Pianoforte accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp. (G Schirmer.)

How came this blood on your shirt-sleeve?
O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old grey horse
That ploughed that field for me, me, me,
That ploughed that field for me.

It does look too pale for the old gray horse,
That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee,
That ploughed that field for thee.

How came this blood on your shirt-sleeve?
O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old grey-hound
That traced that fox for me, me, me,
That traced that fox for me.

How came this blood on your shirt-sleeve?
O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of my brother-in-law
That went away with me, me, me,
That went away with me.

And it's what did you fall out about?
About a little bit of bush
That soon would have made a tree, tree, tree.

And it's what will you do now, my love?
I'll set my foot in yonders ship
And I'll sail across the sea.

And it's when will you come back, my love?
When the sun sets into yonders sycamore tree,
And that will never be, be, be.

Mr. Sharp says of this song: The songs in this collection have been chosen as representative examples of the traditional songs bequeathed to the mountain-singers by their immigrant British fore-fathers. . . These songs are the products of unlettered, unskilled musicians and whatever their origin, they stand and must be judged by their intrinsic merits. . . . The tunes are presented precisely as they were noted down, without any attempt at alteration."

The motive underlying this ballad has been adopted into the folk-song literature of many European countries.

13

Bangum and The Boar.

There is a wild boar in these woods,
Dillom dom dillom.
He eats our flesh and drinks our blood,
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

How shall I this wild boar see?
"Blow your horn and he'll come to thee".

Bangum blew his horn a blast,
The wild boar came cutting oak and ash.

Bangum drew his wooden knife
And he worried the wild boar out of his life..

Bangum rode to the wild boar's den,
And he found the bones of a thousand men.

As far as is known, no foreign influence has been exerted upon this song, which is essentially American in its spirit.

14

Her Cheek is Like Some Blooming Red Rose.

Her cheek is like some blooming red rose,
All in the month of June;
Her voice is like some sweet instrument,
That's just been put in tune.

So fare you well, my own true love,
So fare you well a-while;
I am going away, but to come back again
If it be ten thousand miles.

The exquisite charm of this song suggests some fragment of Elizabethan love-verse, which the unknown composer has poured into a rarely beautiful musical setting.

15

The Texas Ranger.

A Country Ballad

Collected and arranged by Natalie Curtis
from the Singing of Lee Witt.

Come all ye Texas Rangers
Wherever ye may be;
I'll tell to you a story,
That happened unto me.
My name, 'tis nothing extry,
And that I need not tell,
But I'm a Texas Ranger,
And I'm sure I wish you well.

About the age of sixteen,
I joined the jolly band
We marched from San Antonio
Down to the Rio Grande;
Our Capt'n he informed us,
Perhaps he tho't 'twas right,
"Before we reach the station"
Says "Boys we'll have a fight."

I saw the Injuns coming,
I heard them give the yell,
My feelings at that moment
No tongue could ever tell.
I saw the dust a-rising,
It seemed to reach the sky.
I felt my courage falter,
"Now is the time to die".

We fought for three long owers,
Before the strife was o'er,
The like if dead and wounded,
I never saw before.
And five as brave comrades,
As ever knew the west,
Were buried beside their companions,
Sweet home is their rest.

Maybe you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too,
Maybe so a sweetheart
To weep and mourn for you.
If this be your condition,
Altho' your mind to roam
I advise by experience
You'd better stay at home.

Since the advent of the white man into Texas, the "Pan-Handle" state has been a great cattle country, so vast in area that in order to keep any semblance of law, it was found necessary to organize a band of "Rangers" (1835), who formed a sort of frontier battalion and have been described as "police-men, militia-men, and U. S. Troopers, all in one". They were a body of fearless men of unerring marksmanship and cool daring, and as they all had been cow-boys, they seemed to be "half-lizard, half-horse."

In this song, one of the "Texas Rangers" tells the story of an adventure which befell a body of these frontiersmen while trying to make a "station" in safety. They were surprised by a band of Indians who viewed with increasing distrust the migration of the white men into their territory and resented what they, not unjustly, felt to be an invasion of their lands and rights.

N. C.

(Another and more extensive version of this ballad is found in "Cow-Boy Songs" by Julia C. Lomax).

16

Quadrille Tune.

(Arkansas)

Based on "Old Dan Tucker",
arranged by Natalie Curtis from the singing
of Lee Witt.

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
He washed his face in a frying-pan,
He combed his head with a wagon-wheel,
And died of a tooth-ache in his heel.
Git out o' the way of old Dan Tucker,
He came too late to git his supper.

"Old Dan Tucker" was originally an old minstrel song, composed by Daniel Decatur Emmett, known far and wide as "Old Dave Decatur". He was a famous minstrel man and the author of "Dixie". One of the first printed versions of this song is dated 1843. In a note to this song, Natalie Curtis says: Lee Witt, who sang this song for me, was one of the best living specimens of the old American pioneer stock. At the close of the Civil War, his father, like countless other young Southerners, moved west with his wife and babies, stopping for a while in Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Texas, and finally settling in New Mexico. The old dance songs heard in Arkansas when he was a boy, are indelibly written upon the memory of Lee Witt, and his singing of them evokes a picture of the crude dance hall with a squeaking fiddler seated aloft on a barrel, the stamp of heavy feet and the air filled with the jovial laugh of the pioneers, whose sturdy spirit conquered the wilderness."

CLEF CLUB MALE QUARTETTE

Stephen Foster's Songs.

These songs are not genuine folk-songs in the strict sense of the word, yet they have been so completely absorbed into the life of the nation and mirror the Old South with such fidelity, that like folk-songs, they have come to belong to the people.

Stephen Foster was born in Lawrenceburg, Pa., in 1826, but his traditions were entirely southern, owing to the fact that his mother was a Virginian and his father a native of Maryland. He was not a professional musician and this, perhaps accounts for the fact that his songs closely resemble folk-song. He died in 1864. It is remarkable that a white man should have displayed such sympathy and understanding of Negro life, that the colored people of America as well as the white, accept his music as the essence of the spirit of the Southland.

The Old Folks At Home.

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
O darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still fondly to my mem'r'y rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming
All 'round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo strumming,
Down in my good, old home?

Chorus.

My Old Kentucky Home.

My old Kentucky home,
Goodnight! Goodnight!

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home;

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hart Times comes a-knocking at the
door,

Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home
For the old Kentuck home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the
coon,

On meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to
part,

Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

The head must bow and the back will have to
bend,

Wherever the darkey must go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar-canec grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

Old Black Joe.

Stephen C. Foster.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Gone are the days, when my heart was young
and gay,

Gone are my friends from the cotton fields
away,

Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black
Joe"!

Chorus:

I'm coming. I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling:
"Old Black Joe"!

Why should I weep when my heart should
feel no pain,

Why do I sigh that my friends come not
again;

Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black
Joe"!

Where are the hearts once so happy and so
free;

The children so dear, that I held **upon my**
knee?

Gone to the shore where my soul has longed
to go,

I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black
Joe"!

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FOLK SONGS.

JULIA HENRY

20

The Nightingale.

(Harlan County, Kentucky)

One morning, one morning, one morning in
May
I met a fair couple a-making their way,
And one was a lady so neat and so fair,
The other a soldier, a brave volunteer.
"Good morning, good morning, good morning
to thee,

"Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give
o'er"

"O no, pretty soldier, please play one tune
more,
I'd rather hear your fiddle or the touch of one
string
As see the waters a-gliding, hear the night-
ingale sing."

"Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry
me?"

"O no, pretty lady, that never can be;
I have a wife in London and children twice
three

Two wives in the army's too many for me".

O where are you going, my pretty lady?"
"O I am a-going to the banks of the sea,
To see the waters a-gliding, hear the night-
ingale sing".

We hadn't been standing but one hour or two
When from his knapsack a fiddle he drew,
The tune that he played made the valleys ring,
O see the waters a-gliding, hear the night-
ingale sing.

21

Billie Boy.

(Jackson County, Kentucky)

"Where are you going, Billie Boy, Billie Boy
Where are you going, charming Billie?"
"I am goin to see my wife
At the pleasure of my life,
She's a young thing and can not leave her
mother".

"Can she sweep up a house, Billie Boy, Billie
Boy,

Can she sweep up a house, charmingf Billie?"
"She can sweep up a house
As quick as a cat can catch a mouse,
She's a young thing and can not leave her
mother."

"Can she bake a cherry pie, Billie Boy, Billie
Boy
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billie?"
"She can bake a cherry pie
As quick as a cat can wink her eye,
She's a young thing and can not leave her
mother".

"Can she make up a bed, Billie Boy Billie Boy,
Can she make up a bed, charming Billie?"

"She can make up a bed
Seven feet above her head
She's a young thing and can not leave her
mother."

"How old is she, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,
How old is she, charming Billie?"

"Twice six, twice seven
Twile twenty and eleven
She's a young thing and can not leave her
mother."

Frog Went A-Courting.
(Estill County, Kentucky)

Frog went a-courting and he did ride
Rinktum body minchy cambo
Sword and buckler by his side
Rinktum body minchy cambo.

Refrain:

Kimaneero down to Cairo
Kimaneero Cairo,
Straddle addle ladda bobbo
Ladda hobbolinktum
Rinktum body minchy cambo.

He rode down by the mill-side door
To hear his saddle squeak and roar.

He took Miss Mousie on his knee
Pray Miss Mousie will you marry me?
Who will make the wedding gown?
Old Miss Rat from pumpkin town.
Where will the wedding breakfast be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree.
What will the wedding supper be?
A fried mosquito and a roasted flea.
Then came in a big Tom cat
Swallowed up mouse and growled at rat.
Frog jumped up and winked his eye
Wished to hell the cat would die.

CLEF CLUB MALE QUARTETTE

Cotton Songs, recorded for Hampton Institute by *Natalie Curtis*. Text and notes here-
with reprinted from "Negro Folk-Songs, Book III., Courtesy of G. Schirmer, Publisher.

"Song lightens labor all over the world, and in no country more so, perhaps, than in Africa, where music is a part of the very life of the natives, in whom the sense of rhythm is so highly developed that to rhythmize toil, through the regular cadences of chanted song, is to make it at once more natural as well as more effective. Many are the work songs of the American negro in the United States, songs improvised or made up on the spot to fit the task, or songs traditional. So well recognized is the fact that the Negro labors best when he labors with song, that in old days a man who could lead the singing of a gang of workmen was well worth extra pay. This impulse in the Negro to sing at work is inborn; it is a racial trait common to his African forbears. With us Anglo-saxons, song as a labor invigorator, seems to have died away with the invention of machinery. . . ."

Cott'n-Pickin Song.

From the Florida Plantations

Chorus:

Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
so bad,
Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
so bad,
Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
so bad,
Gwine clean all ober dis farm.

Hurry up, chillun,
Us ought ter been gone;
Dis wezzar looks so cloudy,
I think's hit's gwine ter storm.

Boy, stop goosin dat cott'n
An' take better care.
Make-a-haste, you lazy rascal,
An' bring dat row from dere.

Us plant dis cott'n in Aprul,
Us lay hit by-a in June,
Us had a hot dry summer,
Dat's why hit open so soon.

Chorus.

The wide plantations under the hot sun, the tall rows of cotton plants, the bending Negroes, the black and white contrast of the fluffy cotton bolls and the dark hands and arms,—all this one sees with the first bars of the old song whose pentatonic refrain "Cott'n want a-pickin'", carols against its musical background of elemental harmonies like the chirping iteration of a bird-note rising among the cotton stalks. . . . No one knows how old this song may be, but it would seem to have sprung into life shortly after the Emancipation for it begins with the reading of the proclamation of freedom to the slaves."

For the sake of brevity, only the last three of the nine stanzas will be sung.

Cott'n-Packing Song.

(From the shipping docks of Savannah,
Georgia.)

Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Screw it tight—heh!

Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Screw dis cott'n, heh!
Wid all yo' might—heh!

Here we come, boys, heh!
Here we come, boys, heh!
Here we come, boys, heh!
Do it right—heh!

Don't get tired, heh!
Don't get tired, heh!
Don't get tired, heh!
Time ain't long—heh!

Keep on workin' heh!
Keep on workin' heh!
Keep on workin' heh!

In her explanatory notes, Natalie Curtis gives the following graphic picture of the "cotton-picking" process:

"A derrick from the ship let down a great hook and hoisted a bale on which knelt a Negro to balance the load. . . . Cotton and negro moved slowly through the air; then down into the open hatch into the hold the bale was lowered, to be seized by the waiting packers and stowed away while the hook swung up and out again with the dangling Negro clinging to it. . . .

The cotton was stowed in the hold by means of iron "screws" which squeezed the bales tightly and compactly into the smallest possible place. . . . As the men strained at their task, a chant arose whose fine-toned phrases were regularly cut by a sharp, high cry, "heh!", to emphasize the powerful twisting of the screws by the rhythmic muscular movements of the singers. Verses without number were improvised and many were the cotton-picking chants of which this one may be regarded as a typical example."

Cott'n-Dance Song.

Sing dis song, heh!
(From Slavery Times in Florida)

Jim he ber me a'tater pie,
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
Dat he could pick more cott'n dan I,
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
I straddle dat row an' hit did fly,
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
I win dat pie an' didn't half try,
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'

I ben' ma head down to dat groun',
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
Didn't look up till made dat roun',
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
Den dat sun was almo' down,
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'
Jim didn't had but fifty poun',
Way down—in de cott'n fiel'

" . . . The cotton picked it was hauled to the scales and weighed. Then to celebrate the end of their labors, the Negroes broke into a jubilant dance. . . . Anyone who wanted to dance leaped into the open space in the centre of the circle; then when a dancer tired he fell back and joined the outer ring, where he pounded and clapped and sang with the rest. . . . This dance-song with its five-toned scale is probably still sung in the Florida cotton-fields, though it reaches back to the early days of slavery. . . . A race between the cotton-pickers for the wager of a "tater-pie" adds zest and merriment to the labor".

(Owing to the length of this song, only a few characteristic verses have been selected.)

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